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"VERY."

BY E. E. N.

There is one little word
That is everywhere heard,
On steamboat and railroad and ferry,
In parlor and hall,
In opera stall,
Videlicet, scilicet, "very."

You happen to say,
"'Tis a very fine day,"
When answer quick Tom, Dick and Jerry—
Perhaps it may snow,
Or rain, hail or blow—
But each one is prompt with his "very."

A lady remarks
That Miss Julia Sparks
Is freckled or brown as a berry,
Is forward and bold,
Is fast growing old,
When from each lady's lip comes this "very."

Without "if" or "why,"
Assert or deny,
Or ask any sort of a query;
'Tis ever the same,
For all will proclaim
With no one dissenting, "Yes, very."

Yes, this little word
Can always be heard,
Be the theme very sad or right merry;
It serves for all times,
All seasons and climes,
This very convenient word "very."

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE was gone before he could look round and for some minutes he was alone. Then Mrs. Ashton and the two girls entered ready dressed, and with a carpet bag. Isbel Rochester met Colonel St. John with graceful ease and ready recognitionof him, which, though full of kindness, was of course very different from Leonora's affectionate and childlike greeting; but Isbel was seventeen, and, in fact, "grown up," besides having only seen him three or four times before, while Leonora was but fourteen, and had known him from almost the first moment she set foot in England.

"Good bye, my dears," said Mrs. Ashton, as the colonel placed them in a fly, and stepped in himself. "I hope you'll like the ball; and mind, you naughty Leonora," she added smiling, "don't keep that grave little face—dance and be gay."

A shade crossed the child's face, but Colonel St. John said, gaily, "Trust me, Mrs. Ashton. She is under my charge, you know, and I'll take charge of her." And, as we shall see, he kept his word.

It was near half-past six when they reached the manor house, and Mrs. Rochester's maid, Nelly Warren, Sam's daughter, was lying in wait for them, and carried off the two girls to be dressed for dinner, which that day had been put off to seven o'clock.

Nelly conducted them up to an immense bedroom, containing two large beds, strewed with dresses and millinery.

There were two ladies in the room—one was their hostess, Mrs. Melville, a fine looking matron of forty; the other was Marion Rochester.

"Ah, here they are—welcome, and thrice welcome my dears!" exclaimed Mrs. Melville, warmly, and Marion, springing up, threw her arms first round her step-daughter and then round Leonora, whom she loved as well at least.

"I am so glad to see your dear faces," she said; "here, Nelly, be quick, and help them to dress for dinner."

"We are ready," said Isbel, as Nelly divested them of their hats and mantles. "We dressed before we started. Is my cousin Tom here, mamma?"

"To be sure," she replied, "Mrs. Melville, I'm at your service."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Melville; "come along into my room. You two girls run down to the drawing-room; there's nobody down yet. Nelly, show the young ladies the way."

Mrs. Melville was wrong in supposing the drawing-room empty, for when Isbel opened the door she saw a handsome jovial looking man, who might have been anywhere between five and eight-and-twenty, standing before the fire.

"Why, by Jove, if it isn't Isbel and the Senorita," he exclaimed, reaching them in two strides. Mr. Thomas Courtenay (yclept "Tom," for short) gave his cousin a warm embrace, and shook the Castiliaa's hand as if he meant to wring it off—in fact, Isbel mildly suggested that possibility, whereupon Tom threw himself in an attitude, exclaiming, "Most noble senora, has thy slave offended in nearly wringing off that fair hand?"

Neither of the girls could help laughing, but Isbel said, "Tom, behave yourself; you are a walking personification of nonsense."

"Much obliged, coz," said Tom. "I hope such is not your opinion, Miss de Caldara."

"Pretty nearly," replied Leonora, smiling; "but why do you 'Miss,' and 'Senora' me? it used to be Leonora, when we met four years ago, and before that."

"Why, by Jove, I don't know," said Tom, pushing up his curly hair as if taken aback, "except that you've sprung up so tall. I can remember you as high as that," holding his hand about four feet from the floor, "and in short skirts, and now, i'faith you top Isbel and Marion by a good bit. Do you remember," he added more seriously, "what a favorite you were with poor Julian D'Arcy?"

The child turned suddenly away, with a quivering lip; and deeply pained at having so inadvertantly wounded her, Tom Courtenay glanced at Isbel in mute appeal. But Leonora's emotion was only for a second; her self control had now grown habitual and her strong will too all-powerful to enable anything to unnerve her long, and the next moment she turned her face, with its habitual quiet expression, and said in a voice resolutely calm, "Do not let my foolish weakness pain you. It is past now; but I loved Julian, and his death—"

"Hush," said Isbel, hastily; "I hear mamma coming, and she, too, can hardly bear the mention of her son's name."

As the ladies came in, Tom muttered, "She's a most uncommon step mother," and then addressed them in his usual gay, rattling manner, under which lay deeper feelings and a higher nature than many gave him credit for.

In anticipation of the late to morrow night, the family and guests retired early but Marion was still seated at her toilette table, while Nelly brushed out her hair, when the door opened almost noiselessly, and Leonora stood by her side.

"Child how you startled me!" exclaimed Marion, starting.

"Send your maid away," said the girl in Italian.

"Nelly, you may go to bed," said her mistress; "I can easily undress myself."

Nelly gladly retired, for travelling and bustling about had tired her. Leonora walked to the door, listened, bolted it and returned.

"I wanted to see you alone," she said. "Angelo had so little chance of doing so, that he sent this to me in the packet Colonel Louis brought me." She held out a letter.

Marion looked at her; and the name of "Julian!" burst from her lips, as she grasped the letter. It was long, and once or twice she passed her hand over her eyes. As she reached the end, her breast heaved, and suddenly clasping her hands on her brow, she cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, "Oh! Julian—oh, my son, my son! are we never more to meet till we meet beyond the grave! Is thy beautiful head to be for ever crushed beneath this frighful doom of another's fell deed!"

"Look at me!" said the low thrilling voice of the Spanish girl; and as if under a spell, Marion looked up. Leonora stood before her with such a light in her strange steadfast eyes as startled Marion. "When you hear me," said the child steadily, "do not look on me as a wild-brained visionist, or think that I do not know what I say; but by the love I bore the dead, by the love I bear the living, I will find the man for whose dark deed Julian is an exile, and Julian shall be restored to his name and rights. It is the one purpose of my life, and I will do it!"

There was no haste or passion in her words and manner—no quivering of the lip or wavering in the deep low voice—nothing but a strong, deliberate purpose in treading in the path to that end. A determination to reach it, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Nothing could make her pause or swerve from her purpose.

Marion gazed on her as if she looked on one inspired, whispering low and almost fearfully:

"Leonora, Leonora, how you look! How is it possible for you to do this thing?"

A sudden light shone in the Spaniard's dark eyes, as if a ray from Heaven had fallen on her face, as she said, simply, and almost in the words of Scripture:

"Angelo loves Julian as he loves his own soul, and I will do it."

"Heaven grant it," said Marion, bowing her head; "but I fear for us all; what can you do, my little one? How can you do anything?"

"Love conquers all," replied Leonora, smiling gently. "The motto of my forefathers is mine, and shall be proved at last."

When Marion looked up the child was gone, as silently as she had entered, and Marion knelt and prayed earnestly that Heaven would indeed help the child.

So that night passed away in the dim vista of time, and the morning dawned; and with a strange and new-born feeling of hope at her heart, Marion Rochester awoke from her dreamless sleep.

The first train brought down those guests who were to sleep that night at the manor house; but we pass over the day to the ball in the evening, to which young and old had been asked; and as Mr. Melville and his wife were regular hospitable country people, and young Melville a jovial, jolly sort of a fellow it promised to go off well.

From far and near the gentry of the surrounding country came, and about eight o'clock carriages began to set down the guests, and as they came more punctually than people do in fashionable London assemblies, by nine o'clock almost every one had arrived, and the rooms were well-filled, and about nine therefore we will enter the saloons.

The Reverend Cuthbert St. John entered bout that time, looking particularly grand and good, and entering just as the opening dance had ended, one of the first people he saw was his brother with a tall dark girl leaning on his arm.

Beautiful indeed Leonora de Caldara looked in her floating white robe, unjewelled, save for the rich bracelet—Angelo's present—which circled her arm, and the slender chain of diamonds which confined her hair, and gleamed amidst it like stars in a dark night.

"Ah, Cuthbert, you are late!" said Louis St. John.

"More serious duties detained me," said the Reverend Cuthbert with a sweet smoothness that implied reproof; but at the same time giving a glance at the Castilian, which plainly said, "Introduce me."

So Louis read it; but yet somehow or other it was with an indefinable dislike he did so, and did it shortly—

"My brother Cuthbert—the Senora Leonara de Caldara."

Leonora bowed in the cold haughty manner habitual to her with strangers; Cuthbert, intending to be as haughty, only bowed stiffly, and passed on, his admiration of the beautiful Spaniard somewhat chilled.

"Look, Isbel!" whispered Tom Courtenay. "By Jove, there's Noah himself risen from his grave."

"Take care!" said Isbel, smothering a laugh in her handkerchief. "It is our incumbent, Colonel Louis's brother."

"Whew! sits the wind that way?" muttered Tom. "Well, I must have some fun out of him. Isbel, you know him then?"

"I certainly do," she replied; "that is, I've met him four or five times at the house of his mother, Lady Alice, and seen him at church."

"Oh, I'll take the shine out of him," said Tom. "Come along, and introduce me, and keep my arm, and we'll have a lark. If you wont, St. John will."

He drew her forward to where the clergyman was standing; and Isbel, who had a spice of Tom's mischief in her, said:

"How do you do, Mr. St. John? Allow me to introduce my cousin, Mr. Thomas Courtenay."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. St. John," said Tom, his black eyes dancing with mischief. "Having long known your warlike brother, I was anxious to be introduced to you. Strange we should never have met at cousin Courtenay's house, eh! isn't it?"

"I presume, sir, you are not often there?" said the reverend Cuthbert, stiffly. "And I have been away from London."

"Ah, indeed! and while for three years I've been idling it away abroad, you have been laboring to bring back these heathens to the pale of the church. When I look back on the precious time I have wasted, sir," said Tom, with a sanctimonious look, which nearly unmanned (or unwomaned) his cousin's gravity, "and on the many idle hours I have flung away, and reflect that time never returns, it makes me sad; it does, indeed, now."

Cuthbert looked at him, at first a little uncertain whether he was being laughed at or not; but Tom's gravity deceived him, and he answered as became a clergyman, that "Time and tide wait for no man; and hours misspent and past can never be recalled," which was such a platitude, that Tom's mouth gave way slightly at the corners, but he said, "You are right."

Whatever he was going to say to further "rile the parson" was fated never to be uttered; for young Melville came up, exclaiming:

"Tom Courtenay, you are usurping your cousin; Miss Rochester, do graciously accord me the honor of your hand."

And the next moment Isbel whirled away in a rapid waltz which Tom hastened to join with Leonora, whom he took from Colonel St. John as unceremoniously as he had himself been robbed of Isbel.

We will not bore the reader with a description of the remainder of that gay evening. Dancing was varied by admirably acted characters, in which Leonora took a prominent part, and by music at intervals, and when at an early hour on the following morning the party broke up, there were few of the younger guests who did not feel that, late as it was, the hour of separation had come all too soon, so bright and so keen had been their enjoyment of its hours.

CHAPTER VII.

MARION COURTENAY, when very young, barely seventeen, had been married by her father to a certain Colonel Cyril D'Arcy, a gallant officer who had served with great distinction in India; and Marion, young and inexperienced, mistook respect and admiration for love, when, in fact, her affection for him was more that of a child to a father. He was many years her senior, and at that time was a widower with one son, Julian, a boy about eleven, who up till then had been under the care of Sir Reginald Egerton. Marion's first acquaintance with Angelo was on her wedding-day. Only the day before Mr Courtenay was attacked with illness, but he would not postpone the marriage.

Cyril D'Arcy and Reginald Egerton had been schoolboys together, and when the latter died, Cyril had continued the friendship to his old friend's son as closely as the quiet reserve of Angelo would allow him, and now it was Angelo who was asked to give away Miss Courtenay, which he did.

Marion D'Arcy was happy in her hus-

band's affection, and in the deep love she soon learned to bear her step-son. If the child had been her own she could not have loved him with more entire devotion, and he returned it fully. It has been said that the tie between Marion and Angelo Egerton was no common one, nor was it, for that tie was this very boy Julian; it had grown out of him, and centred absorbedly in him through sad and strange circumstances to be told hereafter.

What Leonora had said was true—that "Angelo loved Julian as his own soul."

As a little child, while his father was in India, Julian had been left under the care of Sir Reginald and his wife, Jesuita, whose gentle heart warmed to the motherless child. But Angelo, like most young men, and like himself in particular, had a dislike to young children; they were for the women; he knew nothing about them, and cared still less, and when at home he rarely if ever noticed the child; but when he did, there was an irresistible fascination in his voice and manner—a winning power of which he was scarcely conscious, but which won the child, as by some invisible force, even while he half feared him.

But Egerton knew it not, and might perhaps never have known till years after what a rich wealth of love and noble nature he was throwing away, but for one of those fine threads on which a whole lifetime often turns, and which the world calls "chance," but which the thinking brain and heart with deep reverence ascribes to an ever-watchful Providence.

It was one hot autumn day at Falcontower Castle when Julian was about eight years old and Angelo eighteen, that, the latter having ridden hard that day, for he was a wild, reckless rider as far as he himself was concerned, on his return, had thrown himself on the grass, on the park-side of a stream which divided the flower-garden from the park, and the long grass completely hid his prostrate form until you came close. He had fallen into a deep reverie—a dream of ambition and power, in which the face of his idolized mother was strangely mingled, when his quick ear caught the sound of little footsteps, and the pattering steps of a dog crossing the footbridge near him, but he did not move, recognizing little Julian's steps.

He heard the child sit down by the stream, for a long time silent and motionless; then the gentle, child-like voice murmured some words to the dog, at first too low to be caught, till, seemingly answering some caressing movement of his canine companion, the boy said, sadly:

"Ah, poor Tyrol, you are not afraid of Angelo, for he speaks to you often, not seldom—or so seldom, as he does to me—and when he does, he makes me love him. I am a child, and he doesn't like children; but oh, I wish he would love me just a little bit, Tyrol," and the child drew a deep heavy sigh.

Those simple words—that sigh—cut Angelo to the very heart's core with a bitter, remorseful pang, whose sharp pain he had never thought to feel; he saw in a moment how wrong, how cruel he had been in suffering his dislike to very young children to blind his usual acuteness, and overlook with careless, almost cold indifference, the pure affection of a little child—that holy thing which, alas! is too often cast away with ruthless haste or neglect, and which is surely one of the few gifts that remain of Paradise.

But Angelo's mistake had been that of youth more than character, and the moment he saw how wrong he had been, that moment he determined to repair the evil before it was too late.

He raised himself, and said quietly:

"Julian, come here."

The boy started violently, but came instantly.

"I didn't know you were here, Angelo. Did we wake you?"

"I wasn't asleep," he replied; "sit down by me."

The child obeyed; but his look of timid wonder struck like cold steel to Egerton's inmost soul, and even his iron will could not make his voice quite so steady as usual, as he said:

"Why are you afraid of me, Julian?"

The child hesitated, colored deeply, and his blue eyes drooped.

"Nay, my boy, do not be afraid to answer me," said Angelo, kindly.

"Because," half whispered the child, with quivering lips, "you don't like children."

"And children don't like me," said Egerton; but his voice trembled.

Julian looked up quickly; there were tears, bitter, remorseful tears in Angelo's eyes; and the child, with a sudden impulse, hid his face on Angelo's breast, saying passionately:

"I love you! Oh! Angelo, love me a little!"

Angelo clasped the child to him, murmuring low, as he bent over him:

"God forgive me; for I have been grievously wrong all these years!"

From that day there sprang up between these two a love that grew every hour and day of the nineteen years that had passed since that moment, which had been in their lives the turning point on which so much had hung.

Then came Sir Reginald's death and Colonel D'Arcy's return, and a year after that his marriage with Marion Courtenay; but in two years he died, leaving his son and property, Friars Lea, to the sole guardianship of Angelo Egerton. Marion was left even wealthy.

And now Tom Courtenay's name first appears as a link in this strange chain, for Tom and Julian were at Eton together, and became great friends. Tom had been not only rather, but very wild; and Julian, in attempting to rescue him from the dire consequences of it, had entailed upon himself misery he little dreamed of, but of which Tom was totally ignorant, supposing him, in common with the rest of the world, to be dead.

But we must go back.

It is not here that we have space to tell how Marion D'Arcy met Austin Rochester, suffice it that she did. She learned what it was to love with all the faith and strength of her strong faithful heart. She loved his motherless little child for his sake; she believed she was loved, and they were married.

A few short clouded months, barely a year, and she was awoke from her dream. One dark day he left her and his child, and from that time she had never seen him or heard of him. At the same time that Marion married, Leonora arrived in England, and a year after that came Lady Egerton's terrible death, and then vague news that young Julian D'Arcy (who had left England very suddenly just then) had fallen over a precipice in traveling in Switzerland and had been killed. In reality, Julian, under the name of Rothesay, Angelo's second Christian name, fled from England, accompanied by Egerton, who took him to Florence, and placed him with an eminent artist. Only three people in the world knew the whole from beginning to end—Egerton, Marion, and the child, Leonora.

When the report of Julian D'Arcy's death reached home, some distant relations of course sprang up and claimed Friars Lea; but Angelo refused to give it up, on the ground that Julian's death could not be proved, and therefore he as trustee would hold it. The distant relation applied to the Court of Chancery to have Julian declared dead; but Angelo opposed this, and there being no proof adduced, the application was refused.

Colonel St. John, as we have said, had been at Eton with Angelo, and knew only what the world knew, and that was little enough, and far enough from the real truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUIS ST. JOHN had been induced by Cuthbert to remain with him over Sunday; but as on the Saturday afternoon Cuthbert would be engaged, Louis said he should see if Mrs. Ashton would allow him to take out Leonora and Miss Rohester for a ride, and walked up to the school to make the request.

Mrs. Ashton heard him, and then said with a half apologetic smile:

"Leonora, may go with you, Colonel St. John, but you will easily understand that I cannot permit Miss Rochester to do the same. She is no longer a child; and you will excuse me, I hope, sir. It would never do to so infringe the rule, and have one of the pupils seen riding out with a gentleman alone, and especially a military officer."

"I quite understand that, Mrs. Ashton," said Louis; "but, pardon me, will not that apply to Leonora?"

"Firstly, Colonel, Leonora is after all, still a child; and then I am peculiarly placed with regard to her. Her guardian placed her here only on the agreement that she was to have great freedom, and especially as much free air and exercise as she chose. If she were precisely on the same footing here as the other girls, I should not allow her to go; but as, personally, I see no harm in it, and as I know Sir Angelo, if here, would wish it, you are welcome to take her, only do not be late."

"And what time shall I order the horses, Mrs. Ashton?"

"At half past two punctually," she replied; "but I will ask her."

She left the room, but soon returned, saying:

"At that hour she will be ready, and she begged me to offer you the use of her groom's horse. It is a noble animal, and far superior to any you could hire here."

"I am much obliged to her," said Louis; "and will be here at the time. Where are her horses kept?"

"At the Manor Arms," said Mrs. Ashton; "just this side of the village."

Louis thanked her and departed.

Precisely at half past two he reached Ashton House, but old John Wylde was already there with "El Hasseneh" and "Greysteel," and Leonora was waiting on the steps, looking so beautiful in her riding habit that St. John started. But he recovered himself, and as he lifted her to her saddle, said gaily:

"Senorita, to be before time is as unpunctual as to be after it."

"A fault on the right side, though," she answered, as they passed the lodge-gates, and struck in a northerly direction.

It was a beautiful country, hilly and wooded, and though now it was winter, and the ground hard and frozen, it was beautiful in its very bleak desolation.

For some distance neither spoke, but as they were walking their horses down the slope of a hill, Louis said:

"Have you seen that masterly painting of Horatius Cocles defending the bridge? It is by a young artist who is rising to fame. Julian Rothesay is his name."

"I have seen it, and it is certainly splendid," replied Leonora. "If one of the old masters had done it, the world would have gone mad about it."

"I am afraid your sarcasm is true," said Louis; "but I fancied that in the face of the brave Roman I could trace some resemblance to Egerton."

"It is very likely," said Leonora, quietly; "we knew the painter when we were in Florence, and he took Angelo's portrait."

"Indeed?" said Louis; "I must see it. Is it a good likeness?"

"To the life—masterly," she replied; "it hangs now in the gallery at Falcontower, but it is so fine a one that when it came over, Angelo, at the request of his friends, threw open his gallery in town for three days."

She did not say nothing would have made him allow his own portrait to be shown, save for his love for its painter, which made him do anything to give him fame and renown.

"I must see it," said St. John; "but is this artist any relation of Egerton's?"

She looked up in surprise.

"No! What a strange question! What made you think that?"

There was a restless anxiety in her eye as she spoke, and a curious expression about the mouth, which would have told Angelo—and Angelo only—that she was prepared to "lie unmitigatedly" to preserve the secret entrusted to her care.

Louis saw neither, but replied—

"Your guardian's name is Angelo Rothesay Egerton, and this painter's is Rothesay."

"Angelo was so christened after his father's mother," said Leonora. "It was her surname."

"Well, and perhaps this Signor Giulio is of the same family."

"No, he is no relation at all," said Leonora. "But look, Colonel Louis, do you see that deep ravine in the vale below?"

In the vale, between two lines of hills, was a gorge about twelve feet across, by ten deep, but with sloping sides, so that a horse with a careful rider could cross it easily.

"It looks," said St. John, "as if it had once been the bed of a river."

"So it has," said Leonora; "it runs for miles like that, and in heavy rains is often full; and a heavy fall of snow with wind makes it a snow drift—a dangerous one, too."

"Is it passable now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Wylde and I have crossed it often," replied Leonora. "Greysteel and El Hasseneh know exactly how to step down."

As they reached the ravine, Colonel St. John glanced upward, and said:

"I hope, then, no rain or snow will fall, for there are some 'ugly' grey clouds hanging over us."

"Never mind them," said Leonora. "Now," said she, as they reached the other side, "let's race to the top of this hill as the crow flies—the road winds."

"Leonora, stop!" he exclaimed. "There are hedges in the way—you will be thrown."

"Oh, no; Angelo taught me riding," she returned. "I shall get there first, for Hasseneh goes like the wind."

"'A wilfu' woman maun hae her wa';" said the colonel, resignedly. "Now, one, two, three—away!"

Both started; Leonora saying quickly—

"Don't fear for me at leaping, but mind Greysteel."

Up and over the first hedge the gallant gray kept neck and neck with the black descendants of the Prophet's steed; but soon the extreme fleetness of the Arabian, and the feather weight he bore, began to tell, and she shot ahead of her rival, took the next hedge with graceful and ladylike ease, and kept steadily on, reaching the brow of the hill several lengths before Greysteel; and suddenly, as Leonora pulled her up, the well trained animal stopped immediately as motionless as a statue, and her silky coat hardly even stirred by her run.

"I didn't know you were such a rider!" exclaimed the colonel, laughingly; "but you had me at a disadvantage."

"Oh yes," I know," said Leonora; "I only wanted a good gallop. I'll be good now."

St. John lookrd at her, and muttered inwardly:

"Anything to make that dear face look less grave, and more like a child's. Deuce take it!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Greysteel has cast a shoe. I hope there is a farrier over there."

Dismounting, he led the horse, and walked; but in this way it took a quarter-of-an-hour to reach the hamlet; and by this time it was really getting dark, and the snow was falling faster every minute, sweeping before the wind in what promised to be a very heavy drift.

St. John went straight to the village inn, and asked if there was a farrier, but the host said no; he did jobs of that sort. There was nothing to do but to have the horse shoed and both horses fed, and then Louis asked how far they were from Yellowfield, and what time it was.

"Nigh on five, sir," was the reply; "and even cross country and through the ravine it's seventeen mile."

"That is the way we came and must return," said St. John.

"Lor, sir! it will be dark before you can reach the ravine," said the landlord, "and by that time it will be a snow-drift. See how heavy it falls, and how the wind drives it before it."

"We must reach it and cross it," said Leonora, looking at St. John.

"Why, miss, the hardest riding would hardly reach it in time," said the landlord. "It will be dark in half an hour, sir."

"Do not mind what he says. We are losing time," said the Spaniard impatiently.

"My friend, we must go," said the colonel decidedly; "so good evening."

They turned their horses heads, and at a hand-gallop rode away, Leonora's dark eyes sparkling with delight at the adventure, Louis's full of anxiety for his precious charge.

The air was perfectly white with snow, which the now wild blast swept right in their faces.

Presently St. John said:

"Are these horses good for a long, mad race?"

"Yes; they are thorough-bred, and used to mad riding," replied Leonora.

"How bleak and desolate the hills look!" said Louis. "And how dark it is growing! Leonora, can you really keep your seat when Hasseneh is at her full speed?"

"Yes, of course," she replied.

"Then, my dear child, there is nothing for it but that," said Louis. "Now start."

The next moment they were off—at first with some moderation; but as the high-mettled animals warmed to their work they broke into a mad galop, that made them seem literally to fly through the air like the wild riders of German legends.

The miles flew by them like phantoms; and though the driving snow and howling blast swept wildly by them, neither steeds nor riders heeded it, but bending almost to their saddle bows, they kept on as if the race was one for life or death, the foam flying from their horses' mouths as they dashed on through the fast deepening snow. And so they approached the dreaded ravine.

The little hand that grasped Hasseneh's rein was growing nerveless, every fibre of the child's slight frame was quivering. She drew her breath in quick, labored gasps; and as the brave horses slackened, partly to descend the last slope, partly impeded by the snow, she drooped forward in her saddle till her black hair mingled with the flowing mane of the Arabian.

"Leonora! Great Heaven! she is fainting!" exclaimed St. John.

"No," said Leonora, recovering herself with the minute's pause, and firmly grasping the reins. "I am all right again. Dear Louis, indeed I am."

"It is so dark I cannot see your face very clearly," said Louis. "Are you really all right again?"

"Indeed yes," she replied. "Ride on, ride on, or we shall be too late."

A few moments more brought them to where the ravine had been. It was one sheet of white snow from one side of the valley to the other, and the ravine between them was filled and hidden by the snow stretching away on all sides. It was one vast drift—to attempt to cross which would be certain death.

"Good Heavens—we are too late!" said Colonel St. John.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Victoria Cross has been awarded to the late Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, of the 24th Regiment for their heroism in saving the colors of the regiment. There is a precedent for this posthumous honor in the Case of Colonel Booth, of the 43d who it was announced would have received the Bath had he survived the Maori war

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An elephant died recently in Calcutta which is said to have been ridden by Warren Hastings when Governor General of India, a hundred years ago. He may probably have been fifty years old at that time.

Mr. Joseph R. Chambers, a colored man residing at Chambersburg, Pa., has constructed an aerial ladder, or fire escape, which is pronounced by New York experts far superior to anything of the kind in use.

Aunt Betsy Hendrickson, who helped to put out a fire when the British marched through Jersey, Monmouthward, firing houses here and there, died in New Haven, Conn., a short time since, aged 118.

Slade, the Spiritualist, who set the old town of London agog a year or so ago, has arrived in San Francisco by an Australian steamer.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

Deep in the lonely forest,
High on the mountain side,
Long is the dreary winter,
Short is the summer-tide;
Just in the breath between them,
Pregnant with sun and showers,
Starts from the earth primeval
Fairest of Northern flowers.

All through the sunny summer
Lavish with wealth of bloom,
She, too, hath shared life's fullness
Hid in her forest gloom;
Nurtured with dews and sunlight
Richly her buds are fed,
Fresh while the summer fadeth,
Fresh when its flowers are dead.

Then, when the rude winds seek her,
Threaten her buds to blast,
Fiercely assailed by winter,
Fearless she holds them fast;
Fast, till the spring draw nearer,
Fast, till the days grow fair,
Fast, till the April showers
Quicken the chilly air.

Woke by the murmuring breezes,
Kissed by the shining sun,
Up in a burst of transport
Starteth the prisoned one!
Blushing in fairy clusters,
Pressy a mossy bed,
Leaves of autumnal russet
Over her soft couch shed.

Close to the damp earth clinging,
Tender, and pink, and shy;
Lifting her waxen blossoms
Up to the changeful sky;
Welcome our spring-tide darling,
Fresh in thy virgin hue,
Long as the oaks stand round thee
Yearly thy charms renew.

The Strolling Players.

BY E. T. L.

"CAN'T you listen to reason for a minute?" asked Mr. Miles Forrester, as he compelled his handsome nephew, Gerald, to sit down beside him on a rustic bench in the garden.

"For one minute? Certainly, uncle," replied the young fellow. "Time's up! The minute's expired. Let's talk nonsense."

"You are incorrigible, Gerald."

"No, sir! no, sir! Why don't you look on life with a little of my philosophy? Confess, my dear uncle, that you haven't been so very happy; that you are not very happy now, in spite of your wealth, your fine house, your bank, insurance and railroad stock, your real estate and California investments."

"Very true, Gerald. And if this world had been intended as a great playground I should confess that I had mistaken my career. Your father was a wild dreamer like you; visionary, unstable. He had no steadiness, even in his profession."

"He left some good pictures, though," said Gerald.

"His subjects were so eccentric that he could not sell them. I was almost his only patron. My house is full of things that nobody would buy."

"The ordinary fate of genius," remarked Gerald.

"But had he gone into trade as I did, his wife would not have died of privation and a broken heart."

"Poor mother!"

"Half of these wrinkles on my brow," pursued the old gentleman, "were not traced by age, but by care. The care occasioned by your father and yourself. But a truce to all this now. I am amply rich to allow you, if I chose, to follow your fancy wherever it may lead you. But I am a man of principle, as rigidly wedded to what I know to be right, as you are to your profitless day-dreams. If you will not do as I wish you I withdraw my countenance and aid, and leave you to work out your own salvation. I have laid two propositions before you; one to go into business, in a respectable house. I to furnish the capital; the other to accept the hand of Mrs. Rashton, young, rich, and pretty. I do not insist on your acceptance of both of these propositions, but you must take one or the other, or we part."

"The first, my dear uncle, I decidedly decline."

"But you'll marry the widow; she comes here to day, you know."

"Thank you for the widow; I'll keep clear of her."

"Incorrigible boy! What do you propose to do with yourself?"

"I haven't exactly decided, uncle. But the world offers a wide field to a gentleman of my figure, taste, accomplishments and education. I might be a strolling player, or a traveling portrait painter; or I have thought of reviving the traditions of the elder ages, and going about like Homer, singing my own verses to my own music."

"Then you are determined to leave me?" said the old gentleman, rising. "Poor, foolish, headstrong boy."

"I shall not trouble you long, my dear sir," said the young man. "But at least say that we part friends," he added, holding out his hand.

"Friends!" said the old man, with a tear in his eye. "I love you better than anything else in the world. But my principles are adamantine."

"So are mine," said Gerald. "Good-bye till we meet again."

They shook hands in token of amity, and went in different directions, Gerald strolling along through a fine oak grove.

He was roused from his abstraction, however, by the sound of merry laughter. Advancing cautiously, he soon obtained a view of an open glade in the wood, and of a group of persons who had taken possession of the spot. And it was not long before he knew the group to be a lot of traveling actors. Among them were a long-faced, melancholy man, in a seedy black suit, seated beside a buxom, smiling damsel, and a stout, ruddy-cheeked gentleman, flashily attired, who sat opposite a second trim-built damsel, and the whole party were busily engaged in tattling, laughing, and devouring a miscellaneous feast, consisting of ham, cold chicken, crackers and bottled ale. It was a little pic nic party, in short.

The breaking of a dried branch on which he had incautiously rested, revealed the presence of Gerald.

"Ha!" cried the red-nosed man, with a theatrical start, "whom have we here? Advance friend, and give the countersign."

"My friends," said Gerald, advancing, "excuse my interrupting your festivity. I beg you will not let me disturb you. I intruded accidentally."

"Perhaps you have as good a right here as ourselves," said the red-nosed man, with a merry twinkle of the eye. "Are you the owner of this charming spot?"

"No, sir," replied Gerald, with a smile. "I I am only the nephew of the owner of this spot; and allow me to bid you as much of a welcome to this place as I, only the nephew of the proprietor, may extend. Did I feel at liberty I would ask you into the house."

"Enough said, young gentleman!" cried the red nosed man, with a wave of his bread-knife. "And for the hospitality of the forest, sir, permit us to requite you by inviting you to a seat at our board—sward I mean."

Gerald sat down amidst the strange, merry crew, and was soon perfectly at home.

"And now, good sir," said the red-nosed man, using the same quaint phraseology he had already adopted, "in return for your confidence (Gerald had mentioned his name) let us inform you who we are. We are a company of travelling Thespians—in other words, strolling players. I rejoice in the name of Horatio Bivvins, and am the manager of these unmanageable ladies and gentlemen. That melancholy man in the 'suit of sables' is our low comedian. That black-eyed lady at your left, Mr. Forrester, is Miss Jones, the best chambermaid in the country. The other lady, Miss Doxie, is our walking lady. My friend in the red waistcoat does the high tragedy. Mr. Wolf, Mr. Forrester. The rest of our troupe have gone on before to engage a hall in the county town—to post the bills—to propitiate the editor—and to bespeak a favorable hearing for us and for our tragedy.'"

"Ah, you are happy, my friends," said Gerald; "while I—"

"Are you unhappy?" cried the dark-eyed girl, laying her hand lightly on the young man's arm.

"The most miserable dog alive!" cried Gerald

"How exclaimed the manager, in his deep stage tones.

"My uncle wants to set me up in business."

"Hang business!" said the ruddy-cheeked gentleman, Mr. Wolf.

"And he wants me to marry a rich widow."

"Hard-hearted old hunks!" cried the black eyed girl, winking slyly at the tragedian.

"In short," said Gerald, "we must part. I have been casting round for a profession, and I don't see that I can do anything better than turn actor."

"Sir," said Mr. Bivvins, "your good star led us here to day. You're born to shine upon the boards, sir. Are you up in any parts, Mr. Forrester?"

"I know fifty plays by heart."

"Romeo, for instance?"

"Every word of it."

"Then we're in luck!" cried the manager. "What do you say, Mr. Wolf? Two first appearances for one night! It'll draw like a pitch plaster. There'll be a twenty dollar house. You know you only consented to do Romeo to oblige me. Well, you take Tybalt, and let Mr. Forrester take Romeo."

Mr. Bivvins then explained to Gerald that they were to play Romeo and Juliet that night to introduce a debutante, Mrs. Mortimer, to a generous and discerning public. Mrs. Mortimer was a romantic young widow, of splendid talents, who had run away from the tyranny of her friends in New York, and just joined the company. She was beautiful and accomplished.

Gerald did not see her face till he encountered her upon the stage at night. Then he was dazzled by her charms. They were not those fictitious beauties which the close glare of the footlights reveal in all their treachery to the actor, though they strike the distant audience with bewilderment. No pearl powder and carmine, but the roses and lilies of youth and health adorned her lovely face. Her rounded arms and shoulders shamed the pearls that rested on them. Amid the awkward figures that surrounded her, she moved with the grace of a queen. It was not difficult for the Romeo of the evening to feign an attachment to so beautiful a creature, and before the curtain fell, amid thunders of applause, he found himself pleading the cause of a real passion.

And from this moment he wooed the lady in downright earnest, and was ultimately accepted. She never asked what his prospects were, nor did he inquire into her antecedents. It was enough for the giddy-pated fellow that she was beautiful, and loved him. They had about a hundred dollars between them, and with that to live upon, until something turned up, they concluded to abandon the strolling company without beat of drum, and, eloping to New York, they there got married.

Before the month was out they had run to about for want of funds. Then Gerald, with starvation staring him in the face, roamed New York in search of employment. Disappointment met him everywhere. Nothing remained but to throw himself on the generosity of his uncle. He communicated his project to his bride; she acquiesced in the arrangement, and, raising funds by pledging a gold watch, they started for Forest Hill.

Mr. Forrester was reading in his library when the couple were announced. He dropped his paper, and the couple fell at his feet.

"Uncle, pardon me!" exclaimed Gerald, for running away without your consent."

"Uncle—*my* uncle!" cried Mrs. Forrester; "*be* an uncle, and please pardon Gerald!"

"Get up, you blockhead! you'll burst the knees of those ridiculously tight pantaloons!" cried the old gentleman. "Julia, don't be making a fool of yourself!"

"Julia?" cried Gerald—how did you learn her name?"

"Oh, she's an old friend of mine," said the old gentleman, winking mischievously. "Eh, Jule?"

The bride burst into a fit of hearty laughter.

"Nephew!" said the old gentleman, "allow me to present you to Mrs. Rashton that was."

"Mrs. Rashton!" exclaimed Gerald, in amazement.

"Yes—the widow you tried to run away from—but whom you ran away with, after all, my boy!"

"What! have I been a dupe?" cried Gerald.

"Don't be angry, my lad. Your old uncle only borrowed a little bit of your romance to cure you of your visionary notions. I engaged those strolling actors to come into my grounds, because I knew very well you'd go off with them. I induced Julia to make her first appearance—and I saw it, too, through a pair of green spectacles, with a red wig on my head, and an old plaid cloak around me. Yet I paid my quarter to see the show. Ha! ha!"

"Fairly trapped!" cried Gerald.

"Yes, and if you go tramping round the world, like a gipsy, trying to realize your day-dreams, you'll be everybody's dupe. Yet I suppose you are determined to make the stage a profession."

"Not so, uncle," said the young man rather sheepishly; "I tried to get a clerkship in New York."

"And they wouldn't have you. Ha! ha! Well, don't let old Trapball know that, or he mayn't allow you to come in with a capital of fifty thousand dollars."

"My dear, generous uncle!" cried Gerald.

"Tut, tut, boy! I'm only too glad that you'll let me be generous, master Romeo. 'O, Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo!' Egad! I think I could play it myself as well as Bivvins."

We need hardly add that Gerald became a steady, thriving merchant, and never reverted, without feeling his cheeks tingle, to the episode of his connection with the strolling players.

A CHEAP FEAST:—Before the discovery of the western hemisphere by the Spaniards, it is well known that gold and silver were so extremely scarce in Europe, that a small piece of either represented a considerable quantity of the necessaries of life; $1.70 for instance, was thought an equivalent to a fat ox, and 25 cents to a sheep. In England, three of the latter stood in the place of a quarter of corn, and thirty paid a year's rent for a fine house. When the company of London wax chandlers dined at their hall, on lord mayor's day, 1479, the luxury and extravagance of the age were wondered at, as soon as it was known that the expenses of the day amounted to the enormous sum of seven shillings, or less than two dollars! In those frugal times seven shillings was thought a full and ample sum for a city feast.

A Connecticut woman, 78 years old, who has been severely afflicted with the asthma for thirty five years, had a violent fit one day last week, in which it was thought she would die. She recovered, however, and has had no trouble from the asthma since.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES:—The ancient Egyptians believed that their souls, after many thousand years, would come to reinhabit their bodies, in case these latter were preserved entire. Hence arose the embalming and the situation of the sepulchres, in places not subject to the inundation of the river.

STRANGE PROCLAMATION.—There is a proclamation extant, addressed by Russia to the Circassian chiefs, in 1837, in which it to asked: "Are you aware that if the heavens should fall, Russia could prop them up with her bayonets? The English may be very good mechanic artizans, but power dwells only with Russia. No country ever waged successful war against her. If you desire peace, you must be convinced that there are but two powers in existence—God in heaven and the Emperor upon earth."

COINING WORDS:—Another case of word coining is reported. A person now is spoken of as having "suicided." The coining of this verb, no doubt, belongs to the gang who lately issued the word "burgle," meaning to commit a burglary, and the still more hideous terms, "excurted" and "injuncted," which have lately been suffered to pass current. In the same mint, we doubt not, have been coined such words as "cabled," "wired," "donated," "deputated," "interviewed," "orated," "walkist," "eatist," and the like, with which the President's English has lately been defaced.

MEXICAN JOURNALS:—Mexican newspapers are old specimens of literature, typographically and editorially. They have neither local nor telegraph news to speak of, but are ponderous in the way of "leader" and literary lore. The absence of local news is a distressing feature. You scan their pages in vain for accounts of fires, murders, public meetings, reviews of troops, court reports or any other events which with us go to make up the local columns. A bull fight, if it is a good one, is eulogized to the extent of a dozen lines. If a poor one, it is dismissed with as many words.

THE WORLD'S GLORY.—Some time in the reign of Queen Anne a party of sight-seers were being conducted over the English House of Lords. "Have you ever been here before, friend?" asked a spruce, pert young buck of a very ancient visitor in home spun garb, who looked like a substantial yeoman, and who seemed to be gazing around him with intense interest. "Never," replied the ancient person, "since I sat in that chair." And with his stick he pointed trembling to the throne. The ancient visitor was Richard Cromwell, one time Lord Protector of the commonwealth of England.

A TURK'S BURIAL:—In the funeral of a Turk, one part of the ceremony is singular enough. As soon as the grave is filled up, each friend plants a sprig of cypress on the right, and another on the left hand side of the deceased. It is understood, it seems, that should the sprigs on the right hand grow, the deceased will enjoy the happiness promised by Mahomet to all true believers; but should those on the opposite side flourish, he will be forever excluded from tasting its bliss. If both succeed he will be greatly favored in the next world; and if both fail he will be tormented by black angels till he shall be rescued from them by the mediation of the prophet.

A LIVING FISH LINE:—In the ocean, we perceive a long, black, tangled string, like a giant's leather boot-lace set to soak. It is a sea string, but not a weed; in fact, a living lasso, capable of consuming the prey it incloses within its treacherous folds. From twenty to thirty feet is no uncommon length for this artful animated fishing line to reach, but its diameter rarely exceeds an eight of an inch. It has a mouth, however, capable of considerable distention and holding power. Let an unwary shell fish lulled into a false security, stretch forth its tentacles to meet the welcome waves, and a pointed head is adroitly insinuated; the mouth effects a tenacious grasp on the yielding tissues, and the tenant of the shell becomes food for the "long sea worm" for such is the name of the cord.

FACTS ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY. The average man measures about five feet three and one-half inches. The weight of the average male adult is 140 pounds. The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones. There are more than 500 separate muscles in the body and an equal number of nerves and blood vessels. The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets for an equal number of sweat glands. Every adult man has fourteen hundred square feet of lungs; or, rather, the mucous membrane lining the air cells of his lungs, if spread upon a smooth, plane surface, would cover an extent of fourteen hundred square feet. About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration. A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and uses three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy five hogsheads of air per hour. The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours.

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes,
  Two eyes as sweet and dear
As ever danced with gay surprise,
  Or melted with a tear;
In whose fair rays a heart may bask—
  Their shadowed rays serene—
But, little maid, you must not ask
  Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,
  Like brooklet in the June,
That sings to please itself alone,
  A little old-world tune,
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
  And will not leave it free;
But I shall never tell you, dear,
  Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid
  For whom I built a shrine,
A leafy nook of murmurous shade,
  Deep in this heart of mine;
And in that calm and cool recess
  To make her home she came—
But, oh! indeed you'd never guess
  That little maiden's name.

INEZ;

—OR.—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI—[CONTINUED.]

IT was four days before Inez summoned courage again to visit the "trysting tree." She longed to go once more to say good-bye to a spot where she had been so happy. Only once more, and then she would never see that part of the grounds again.

She had ceased to care about the world she had so passionately longed for. If all Seville were to pass along the high road, all the gay nobles and fair ladies, she would not wish to see them.

She was still half child, half woman; and, with trembling steps, she sought the scene of her former happiness. Even when she came again to the spot where she had seen Rinaldo for the first and last time, no tears came to soften the grief that seemed to be consuming her young life.

She went into the orange grove where she had stood with Luigi Carnello four days since; she sat down and looked listlessly around her. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a small discolored paper, that lay half hidden among some dead leaves upon the ground.

Her heart gave one great leap. What was it? Who had placed it there? She raised it and held it unopened for a few minutes in her hand. An instinctive dread of coming sorrow had seized her. Slowly unfolding it, she saw that it was in her husband's writing, and addressed to Luigi Carnello.

Never was statue more white and still than that hapless girl as she read every word of that fatal, cowardly letter. Every letter seemed to burn itself into her brain as she read. Then she sat as one in a hideous dream.

"I will wait here until he comes," she said. "I will confront him with it, and know the truth at last."

There was no tremor on that proud, pale face. She sat as erect and as haughty as a queen, awaiting the approach of the man who had helped to betray her.

He came at last, and with a courteous bow and kindly words, Luigi attempted to take her hand.

She withdrew it proudly, and a look of fear came into his face as he observed her haughty gesture.

"Luigi Carnello," she said, "stand there, as a criminal before his judge, and answer me. You say you were my husband's friend?"

"I was," he replied.

"Did he write to you occasionally?" she asked.

"Often—almost every day," was the reply.

"Listen to this letter," she said, "and tell me if he wrote it."

Without a tremor or break in her voice she read coldly and calmly:

"MY DEAR LUIGI—Come to me this evening about ten, I am in a most serious dilemma. I begin to wish I had never seen the belle of Serranto, as you call her. I must have been mad to have shackled myself with a penniless girl. She is beautiful enough, but gold outweighs all beauty. D. M. has smiled upon me. If I had had a little more sense, I might have secured the heiress instead of throwing myself away upon a nobody. I was born under an unlucky star; come and tell me what is to be done. "Your ever,

"RINALDO M——."

"Now tell me," she said—"and I charge you to speak truly—was this letter written by Count Montalti to you?"

"It was," he replied.

"Then before he died," she continued, "he repented having married me, and regretted that he had not secured the heiress of whom he speaks; tell me truly, do not spare me, was it so?"

"Yes," he replied, and the word seemed to pain him as he spoke.

"How basely he must have deceived me!" she said. "See, this letter is dated three weeks back. I saw him twice after then, and each time he professed greater affection for me. Tell me, Luigi Carnello, you who knew his secrets, did he ever love me, or was it all a delusion?"

"He loved you at first," he said; "and then—then I think he grew tired of you, and regretted that he had not married for money, as he had always intended to do."

"If he had lived," she said, "what would he have done with me?"

"Deserted you, most probably."

"That is enough, sir," she interrupted; "say no more; I understand now that I have been a credulous dupe. Listen to me; even as I tear this infamous letter into shreds, so do I tear the memory of Rinaldo Montalti from my heart. He deceived me; no one ever deceives a Monteleone twice. If he were living I would curse him; as he is dead I give him my undying contempt; and as for you, sir, false friend, false man, never dare to venture into my presence again, never dare to speak of me or to remember that I live."

She waived him imperiously from her presence.

"What a scene!" he said slowly to himself when he was quite away, and far upon the road. "She is a perfect 'tragedy queen.' If I had been Montalti I would not have lost her for all the wealth of Venice. She made me feel like a whipped cur. Well, everything has an ending in this world, and I have seen the last of Inez Countess Montalti, nee Monteleone."

* * * * *

There, where she had learned to love, where she had listened to false words where she had found her brief delusive happiness, Inez knelt, and shed bitter tears at last. She wept over her young love and faith, betrayed; she wept for the sad fate that seemed to have marked her as its own.

"A lonely, neglected child," she said; "and now a lonely deceived wife. He never cared for me, he had a passing fancy for what he called my beautiful face. Ah, would that its beauty had been marred and blighted; then for its sake I had never been betrayed!—my poor beauty, of which I was so proud!"

All that high, proud spirit had been aroused. She, the last of the Monteleones, of high lineage and stainless race, had been duped and laughed at! The man who declared he could not live without her, had grown tired of her in a few weeks, and wished he had never seen her.

"If he were living," she cried again, "I would curse him!—dead, I loathe his memory and his name!"

Then, for the first time, she saw the extent of her folly and her sin. What right had she, a young girl, trusted by her guardian, to meet the stranger as she had done? What inconceivable folly and madness possessed her, that she could yield to his wish for a private marriage! Hot crimson flushes dyed her face with shame as she saw the plain truth in its hideous form before her. She had disgraced her proud race; she had acted foolishly and sinfully. He might well despise and tire of her.

There was no musical voice near her now to gloss over the truth with sweet, honeyed words. Her conscience, for the first time, seemed awakened to the wrong she had done.

"I am glad he is dead!" she cried: "he was wiser and older than I. He knew better, and he deceived me. I am glad he is dead, for there is no one now to remind me of my folly. No one will ever know my shameful secret, and I—I will begin life again."

* * * * *

"You have soon tired of your fancy for black, Inez," said Madame Monteleone, with a smile, as the young girl entered her room the morning after the finding of the letter.

"One tires of all fancies in time," she replied, drearily.

She bore her pain bravely, but she smarted under the knowledge that she had given her love to one who was unworthy of it.

"A child would not have been deceived so easily as I was," she thought, and she despised herself when she remembered the powerful influence which a few flattering words had had over her. "I was young, and so lonely," she would say, as though pleading to her own heart for pardon and excuse, and in those words lay the extenuation of her folly.

Had she been less lonely, had she seen more of her fellow-creatures, had she been allowed some slight amusements suitable to her age, she would never have cared to meet Rinaldo. Had she met him out in the world, where she could have compared him with other men, she would never have loved the false Italian.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was fortunate for Inez that events succeeded each other with such rapidity that she had no time for brooding over her sorrow.

The love that she had felt for her husband was changed to a loathing contempt, and gradually gave place to a bitter hatred. Her youth, her happiness, her life itself, seemed dead. She did not know how she dragged on her dreary existence from day to day. But a change was coming, heralded by death.

One morning Madame Monteleone was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. The doctor who constantly attended her was sent for, and he pronounced her to be in great and immediate danger, and advised her attendants to send for a celebrated physician who resided at Seville.

Doctors and medicine were all in vain. Madame Monteleone had come to the close of her long, sorrowful life. When she heard that she was indeed dying, she sent for her grandchild, and spoke to her as she had never done before. She told her how she had lived but for one object—the restoration of her family; how she had trained her fair young daughter Bianca for that end, and how all her hopes had been wrecked by her child's marriage with the English lord.

"Then, Inez," continued the dying woman, "my hopes were centred in you. Perhaps, child, I have wronged you and sacrificed you to my own ambitious views. I begged you from your father with such words of entreaty that he could not refuse my prayer, and I have brought you up as I did your mother before you, but with this difference: from her earliest infancy I spoke to her of my hopes and plans. I have never mentioned them to you. But for my accident last year, I should this year have taken you to Madrid. I am dying now, and the purpose of my life is unfulfilled—will be for ever unfulfilled—for you must go to your father in England, and you are the last of the Monteleones."

She then told the astonished girl that her father was a wealthy English nobleman, who lived in a home of stately magnificence; that he had married again, and had another daughter; and that his second wife, too, was dead.

"And I shall have to leave Spain," cried Inez, "and go a stranger to my own home!"

"A stranger," replied Madame Monteleone; "but yet remember you are the eldest child of Lord Lynne, and if my instinct tells me truly, you will be his best beloved daughter. He loved your mother as those calm cold English seldom love. I have sent to him to-day to say that I am dying, and that you must return to him."

Inez was literally speechless with surprise to think that she, the deserted, lonely child, was the eldest daughter of this rich English lord, who lived in such magnificence in England.

After all it was no penniless girl whom Count Rinaldo had married; and in the first bitterness of her heart she wished that he could know that the girl of whom he had tired so soon would have been as of much value to him as the heiress who had smiled upon him.

If he had been living, how she would have triumphed over him—how she would have spurned him, and wrung his heart by her contempt; dead, she could but despise him the more from the knowledge of what she was.

Madame Monteleone died before the messenger from England arrived.

Inez grieved for the loss of the stern guardian who had been her only real friend, but her mind was too much agitated now for any grief to absorb her.

When she thought of those unknown relations far away in England, she felt something like satisfaction that Rinaldo was dead, and that her disgraceful secret could never be known. What would that stately English father say if he knew that his eldest child had forgotten herself so far? What would he think of her if he knew of those secret meetings, that hurried, secret marriage? Above all, what would he say if he knew how easily she had been wooed and won—to what kind of man she had intrusted her love and her fair name? Death seemed preferable; she would have suffered any torture, endured any anguish, rather than let her secret be known.

Then the English messenger came, bringing with him a large sum of money, and for the first time in her life Inez had the pleasure of being able to choose rich and costly dresses that suited her taste.

Mr. Brownson had long been a kind of confidential steward to Lord Lynne, and he told the young girl that her father wished her to spare no expense, but to provide herself with everything suitable to her position. The old servants were each allowed a small annuity, and the gloomy old castle of Serranto, once the stately home of the Monteleones, was allowed to fall into ruins.

* * * * *

A new life began for the beautiful Andalusian. Without sorrow or regret, she bade farewell to the gloomy home where her childhood and girlhood had been buried. Never since the night when she found the letter had she visited the orange grove; now she turned her eyes from it, as they drove past on the road to Seville.

She would have given the whole world to live the past year over again—to undo the deed of which she could not think without bitter sorrow and shame. The secret she could never forget lay like a heavy weight upon her; it destroyed her youth and her happiness, and she had to bear it with her across the seas, to meet her unknown relations with its burden pressing upon her. There were times when she would have given her life itself never to have seen Rinaldo Montalti.

The novelty of the journey amused her. Mr. Brownson stood in great awe of the regal-looking girl of whom he had charge. He was most devoted to her comforts, but he did not intrude much upon her. He had expected a torrent of questions about her home, but she never asked one, and he did not quite understand her dignified silence; but he was much relieved to find that she spoke English, although her pronunciation and accent were not quite perfect.

As they drew near Lynnewolde, and every moment brought her nearer to her father and sister whom she had never seen, the young girl's emotion showed itself in her pale, quiet face.

How different all would have been had no secret weighed upon her! She determined then, and she adhered to her resolution, never to mention that past foreign life of hers—never to speak of Madame Monteleone, Serranto, or anything connected with her Spanish home.

She was lost in amazement at the beautiful scenery in England—the tall, graceful trees, the green fields, so refreshing to one accustomed only to the bare Spanish landscapes.

But she was not prepared for the magnificent home awaiting her. Accustomed to the dreary, half-ruined solitude of Serranto, Lynnewolde was like fairy land to her.

When she first saw the stately mansion standing in the midst of a noble, undulating park, a keen sense of the wrong that had been done her awoke in her heart. Why for so many years had she been deprived of the luxuries of such a home? Why had she been deserted, neglected, left to fall an easy prey to the designing Italian, whose love had blighted her life?

Those who watched the young girl descend from the carriage, and wondered at her beautiful proud face, knew little of the thoughts and feelings surging in that rebellious heart.

Inez wondered still more at the number of servants standing in that magnificent hall to welcome her to her father's house, but no signs of surprise escaped her. She walked through the long files of domestics with a stately step, and a half smile of acknowledgement upon her face.

Some one—she never knew who it was—told her that Lord Lynne was in the library, and conducted her there.

A mist swam before her eyes; her heart beat so loudly that she could have counted its pulsations; but her proud step never faltered, her face never relaxed. Then a stately gentleman came towards her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Inez, my own child," he said; "look at me!—you have your mother's eyes."

She saw his face grow pale as he gazed on her own.

The pain he had so selfishly shrunk from for many long years, struck him with redoubled force. It seemed to him that his passionately loved Bianca stood before him again in all the pride of her youth and wondrous beauty. There was the same exquisite Southern face, the dark almond eyes, the rippling Southern hair. But in his dead wife's face there had been a look of gentle repose, of which he found no trace in the features before him. He gazed upon her until large tears rose in his eyes, and he could see her no more.

It was as though the ghost of his youth had arisen before him—the beautiful past that he had tried to bury and forget—that one year of happiness greater than words can tell. She stood quite silently before him.

"Will you learn to love me, Inez," he said at last, "and forget the past? I shrunk selfishly from opening an old wound that time has but half healed. Child, if you knew how I loved your mother, you would not wonder at me."

It was a strange method of showing affection, she thought, never to wish to see that mother's child; but she turned to him and said she would try to win his love, while she gave him hers.

"You have some one else to love also," said Lord Lynne, as he touched the bell. "Ask Miss Agatha to come down," he said to the footman who answered the summons.

Before Inez had time to think, two living arms were thrown round her, and a golden head was laid caressingly upon her shoulder, while a gentle voice cried, "My dear new sister, welcome, welcome home." Then she saw a tall, graceful girl, with a fair sweet English face, and a wealth of rippling golden hair.

"This," said Lord Lynne, drawing her to him again, "is your sister Agatha, who had been longing to see you. I consider myself the happiest, and I ought to be the proudest father in England, for my daughters are matchless."

When Agatha led her sister to the apartments prepared for her, her girlish love and vivacity surprised the haughty Andalusian.

"If you could but know, Inez," she said,

"how happy I am! I always longed for a sister, little dreaming that I had one like you, shut up in an old Spanish castle. Now remember, darling, you are papa's eldest child, you are Miss Lynne, and mistress of Lynnewolde, none will love, serve, and cherish you more than your sister."

Lord Lynne made all the atonement in his power for the wrong done his daughter. He perfectly idolized her; he was never weary of gazing at her face, or listening to her rich musical voice. He did not notice how she avoided all reference to her Spanish home, but Agatha did; and she wondered then, as she did afterwards, how it was that, when she had told all the simple little incidents of her life to Inez, her sister had nothing to tell her in return—no pretty little love-idyl, no story of a Spanish knight, no little episode of love in any shape or form; she only saw that when she asked the simple question, "Did no one love you, Inez?" her sister's face grew very proud and cold. If she had known the tempest that raged at that moment in the young girl's heart, she would have wondered still more.

Lord Lynne lavished costly gifts upon Inez; he spared neither time, expense, nor trouble in gratifying her every wish; and she loved him for his kindness.

The life she led now was like an entrancing dream. Wealth, luxury and magnificence surrounded her. A thousand times she wished that the false Italian could have known all that he had missed in tiring of her. She was glad that he was dead, but she would have liked that one revenge, that he should have known the penniless girl he had slighted was the wealthy heiress of a rich English lord.

When her kind and indulgent father died, Inez mourned for him, but it seemed to her then that her capacity for love and sorrow was gone, crushed in the weight of sorrow and shame that oppressed her.

When she met Lord Lynne, and for the first time in her life really loved, she understood that what she had felt for Count Rinaldo was but a liking springing from gratified vanity and a love of romance.

"That I could ever have been so mad, so foolish as to call that passing fancy by the name of love!" she said, and more than ever she hated and loathed the memory of the man who had deceived her.

How she grew to love Lord Lynne with the whole force of her passionate nature—how she strove to secure his love, how she triumphed and enjoyed her victory, the reader knows.

No cloud obscured the brightness of her new life. She began to think less of the fatal secret that had darkened and blighted her youth. Slowly and gradually the remembrance of it was dying away, when she went to the Duchess of Ruthwell's ball, and there, in the stranger who stood watching her, she recognised the man whom she believed dead and buried two years ago—the false, treacherous Count Rinaldo.

In the first moment that her eyes fell upon his dark face, she believed it to be an apparition, and the blood curdled in her veins; but when a cynical smile overspread his features, she knew at once that it was a living man upon whom she gazed.

For one moment the trick of which she had been the dupe and victim flashed across her mind. He had feigned illness and death to be rid of her, and she, foolish, credulous girl, was the wife of two living husbands, one of whom she hated and loathed with her whole soul, the other whom she loved more than life itself.

One thought, one sentence rang the night through in the ears of Lady Lynne; it was this:

"My sin has found me out."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALONE in her sumptuous boudoir on the day after the Duchess of Ruthwell's ball sat Inez, Lady Lynne. Her husband and sister had begged her to join them in a drive, but she declared herself fatigued, and said that nothing would restore her so quickly as a few hours of rest and solitude. They were unwilling to leave her, for her illness of the previous evening had alarmed them; but she asked to be alone, and they could not refuse. She wished to be alone, to collect her energies and thoughts, to meet this, the crisis of her fate. Of all blows that could possibly have fallen upon her, this was the least anticipated—the most deadly; and yet, when she thought it all over, she wondered that it had never struck her before. The plot was so clumsy; yet at the time she had not doubted its truth. Even when she discovered the husband whom she believed dead to have been false, treacherous and deceitful—when the traitor friend stood before her, convicted by his own words—no shadow of doubt as to his death crossed her mind. She hated herself now for her credulity, a child would have had more penetration and more sense. But the crisis of her life was come; the hour was at hand when she must confront, calmly and coldly, the past and its secrets.

Women are always true to their instincts; although Lady Lynne believed herself to be in deadly peril—although not only her happiness, but her fair name, her love, her life itself, were all at stake—and did not care the less for her toilette. It may be that some thought of revenge actuated her, and she meant Rinaldo to see that the girl he had slighted and deceived had grown into a woman so beautiful that the world lay at her feet.

She bathed her face until all trace of her night's weeping disappeared.

In the rich tresses of her hair was placed an exquisite white camelia, fastened by a diamond arrow. A dress of rich silk showed her noble, graceful figure to advantage. Her face was proud, cold, and inflexible; her rich red lips had no quiver, her dark Southern eyes were bright and defiant, her white jewelled fingers did not tremble.

There was not one sign of weakness in Lady Lynne. Beautiful and dignified in her queenly magnificence, she descended to her boudoir, there to await what she knew was inevitable, the coming of Count Rinaldo.

All the spirit of her brave Spanish race was awake within her. He was a brave man, who would not quail beneath the light of her eyes and the fire of her words.

When she heard the knock that told of his arrival, and the footman announced his name, she rose haughtily, and received him as a queen would have done a rebellious subject.

He expected weak womanly tears; but this magnificent haughty lady, whose proud face neither paled or softened, whose eyes wore a look of unutterable contempt, took him by surprise.

For one moment, as she looked calmly and coldly upon him, there came to her mind a view of the Summer evening when she had first met him, of the orange grove where he had asked her to be his wife, and the rapture of happiness that had thrilled her girlish heart. She sickened at the thought. He drew near her, and tried to take her hand.

"I expected you, Count Rinaldo," she said; "and yet I wondered if you would dare to come."

"Dare is a strong word, my lady," he replied in Spanish, and the sound of the words brought for one moment a deep flush to her face.

"If I did not know that all words are wasted when spoken to one so unprincipled," she said with bitter scorn, "I might ask Count Rinaldo how it is that after the pathetic story of his illness and death, the grief of his friends, the heartrending 'last messages' delivered with such sorrow, he finds himself alive and in England? Answer me," she continued; "explain, if you can, your cowardly, infamous lie."

She stood before him, proud and unbending; the Count's face fell as her words shamed the manhood within him.

"Lie is not a nice word," she continued, mockingly; "and for a Venetian noble to tremble before a woman and feel himself a convicted liar is no enviable position. But I am preventing the Count from explaining the miracle of his appearance."

"Don't take that tone with me, Inez," he said, savagely; "remember, you are in my power; one word from me, and you are hurled from your present height of grandeur to the lowest depths of infamy and disgrace."

"I do not fear you," she retorted; "but I intend you to fear me, as every man should fear the woman he has deceived. I am no coward, Count Rinaldo; you might slay or torture me, but you could never cause me to fear."

She looked so bright, so brave, so undaunted, that he felt she spoke the truth, and that one part of his scheme had already failed; for Count Rinaldo had intended to trade upon his wife's fears.

He knew that she was enormously rich, and he had arranged in his own mind that she should purchase his silence at a very high price. But he saw at once there was no hope for that; he might trade upon her love, but never upon her fear.

"Inez," he said gently, "it is useless for us to quarrel; let us be friends; believe me, it will be better policy for us both."

"Friends!" she repeated, with a tone of scorn and contempt in her voice that half maddened him; "friends!—to say nothing of the difference that exists in our position, I, a descendant of the Montelcones, could never stand on friendly or equal terms with a liar, a traitor, and a coward."

"By heaven, Inez," he replied, if you were a man and dared to say such words, I would slay you."

"Being a woman, Count Rinaldo," she said, with a mocking laugh, "I dare repeat them; and I tell you again that you are a liar, a traitor, and a coward."

He made a hasty step towards her, his face livid with anger, and half raised his hand.

"Complete the description of your character," she said; "let me, to those charming titles, so descriptive of your nobility, add yet another."

"If you retain any sense or wisdom," he replied, "you will be silent and not irritate me; we shall not perhaps be here alone much longer. You had better listen to reason. If you do not, the moment my Lord Lynne returns, I will ask him to restore to me my wife."

Even then she gave no sign of fear.

"I have much to say to you, Inez," he continued rapidly; "do not let us waste another word in idle altercation. We have important interests at stake."

"You have, perhaps," she replied carelessly; "I have none."

"You shall not irritate me again," he said; "and after all, you are foolish. Are there many people, think you, who would credit the story you have to tell? Were you not very willing to be imposed upon, Inez? Did you receive the news of my supposed death very calmly?"

"No," she replied; "may Heaven pardon you my long agony of suspense and grief."

"Was it so?" he said; "then Luigi deceived me; he told me you were easily consoled."

"I may add that you were easily deceived," she retorted.

Again anger nearly overpowered him, but by a strong effort he controlled himself.

"Nothing can make wrong right, I know," he continued. "I am not here to defend my conduct or excuse it; it was the desperate resort of a desperate man. I did love you—nay, spare me that contemptuous look—I did love you. Had you been rich, I would have been faithful. Hear me patiently, I pray you, and then say what you will.

"When I persuaded you to that secret marriage, I was already a ruined man. My impetuous love hurried me along blindly; you were so beautiful, and I loved you so, I felt that at any price you must be mine.

"I had borrowed largely in Seville, on the prospect of my marriage with a wealthy heiress, Donna Maria Faben. After I had seen you I gave up all pursuit of her. But a few weeks after our marriage my life was hunted from me. Debt, prison, and ruin stared me in the face. I was lost and bewildered. Then Donna Maria smiled upon me again, and almost asked me to follow her to Madrid. You were the only obstacle between me and fortune. I determined to give you up. I offer no excuse for what I did. I repented of the hasty marriage that had plunged us both into ruin, and I resolved upon letting you believe that I was dead. I thought you were young, and would soon forget me. I thought I should marry Donna Maria, and share her fortune. In that hope I was deceived. She used me as a blind, and then cast me off with scant courtesy."

A dark look here crossed the Italian's face, which was not pleasant to see.

"I am telling you the simple truth, Inez," he resumed. "When I found that all further pursuit was useless, I came back to Serranto. I longed to see you again.

"Luigi told me all about the finding of the letter, and your anger. I did not know whether I had made up my mind to disclose my scheme to you or not. I longed to see you; your face haunted me——"

"Spare me!" she cried. "You humiliate me too much when you presume to speak of what you call your love."

"You did not always think so," he replied; "but you must hear the truth. I remained near Serranto until one day I found that I was lingering near an old ruin. It was from one of the old servants who lived with Madame Monteleone that I discovered all that had happened, and found that the wife I had deserted was the daughter of a rich English lord. She gave me a marvellous description of the splendors procured for La Signorina. Your new toilettes and surroundings made a great impression upon old Nita. I saw, and regretted at once, the blunder I had made. If I had been faithful and patient, I should have reaped a rich reward. I determined to find out your relatives, to follow you to England, and claim you as my wife."

An irrepressible shudder seized Inez at these words. She could not help it."

"It was many months," he continued, "before I could discover who was this English lord. At times I almost gave up the pursuit in despair. I found at last, by dint of patient inquiry, that your father was the wealthy Lord Lynne, of Lynnewolde. I was almost amused at the horrified expression in Luigi's face when I told him this. 'A nice mess you have made of your love affairs,' he said. 'I shall desert you. You must have been born under an unlucky star.' And I have never seen him from that time. I heard he had fallen in a duel; but I cannot say if it be correct.

"It was the beginning of this year before I could raise money enough to follow you to England. I went direct to Lynnewolde, and there I heard the story of your marriage. You were even then on your wedding tour.

"I need not say I took the precaution of adopting a disguise before I visited your home. I was rather overwhelmed by its splendor; I had not anticipated such magnificence.

"I heard of the large fortune left you by your father, and I resolved to have my proper share of it. Hearing you were in London, I followed you. I had letters of introduction from several Venetian nobles, and these procured me an entree into the highest and best circles.

"I saw you at the Duchess of Ruthwell's ball, and resolved to make myself known to you. You are more beautiful a thousand times, Inez, than the simple girl I saw and learned to love at Serranto."

"Have you finished?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," he replied. "I have more to say, but I await your pleasure."

"I have nothing to say, Count Rinaldo," she said proudly. "If I could find words in which to express my utter contempt for your character, and my loathing for yourself, I would use them. But I know of none; therefore I am silent."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD TIMES.

A HALF century ago a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clap-boarded, painted, blinded, and comfortably warmed. Then the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

The people of 1880 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in city and village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then, if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire works in the match safe at a cost of one hundreth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day, who does not carry a watch? and as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart load, at sixty two cents a piece.

Fifty years ago how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac, and the few text books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday school and private libraries of the country.

A CLUB SWELL.

THANKS to his tailor and hatter, a neat figure and an agreeable appearance, he looks like a gentleman; but in his views and sentiments he has little in common with the name. To rank he is prepared to pardon every shortcoming; and so long as men and women are born in the purple, he extenuates every fault and vice they commit. He worships birth and all the surroundings of fashion as only one of the middle class, who is ashamed of the order to which he belongs, can worship them. "Blood" is to him what religion is, all what principle is, all what honor, truth, morality are to other men. He does not respect rank as it is only right that it should in any country be respected, but he regards it with the most slavish adulation. If the son of a peer is a knave, or the daughter of a peer hideous, he will find the one honorable and the other a beauty. He detests every class but the one to which he does not belong, and into which he cannot gain admittance. He is indifferent to anything for its own sake; but if an undertaking be encouraged by the peerage, he likes to see his name among those who have given a guinea. He is the best of men to visit a fancy bazar, for a Duchess or a Countess can wheedle him out of half of his monthly allowance. He seldom plays whist; but when he finds that any "swells" are in the card room of the Caravanseral, he will cut in and be proud to lose his money in such good company.

One of Houdin's most puzzling contrivances was a clock, consisting simply of a brass hand and a glass dial, and which, in spite of its complete transparency and absolute lack of anything corresponding to an inside pendulum or weights, kept accurate time; and, what was more curious, returned to correct time if purposely moved backward or forward.

A BOOK-MARKER.

It holds my Bible leaves apart,
This poor shorn tress, so sad to see,
As memory murmurs to my heart
How you died, love, and left for me

A barren waste of weary years,
Sown with dark doubts that sorrow breeds.
I grasp at hope; but vex my ears
With jangle of discordant creeds,

And wonder is it quenched, that sweet
Soft radiance of a life benign,
That made my grosser pulses beat
In humble harmony with thine?

And are they dead, the nameless bliss
That only foolish lovers know,
Live lips that quivered to my kiss
In those bright summers long ago?

Or, haply, past the nether wave,
Shall sundered spirits meet again?
Is there no knowledge in the grave,
Or promise for the sons of men?

The wintry sunset sheds a ray
Across the Book. I read, and trust
That you shine somewhere, far away:
I cannot think that you are dust!

Rachel's Vow.

BY W. B.

A YOUNG man had lost his way among the seemingly interminable solitude of an English moor.

Far in the distance some slowly rising smoke spirals told of warmth and shelter.

Shouldering his game-bag he at once turned his steps towards the dusky harbinger of home comfort.

Reaching a modest cottage he gave a brisk rap at the door.

It was answered by a young girl.

Doffing his cap, the stranger said:

"I am alone, and have lost my way among the moors. Can you give me the wherewithal to break my fast, and after that a directing hint homewards?"

"Come in, sir," said the farmer, who had followed Rachel to the door. "You are welcome to what we have. Eat and drink first, and then it will be time enough to think of leaving. Haste, Rachel, and set a chair for the youth and bring hot porridge."

As Rachel obeyed, Louis Dalton's eyes followed her with a look of wonder lurking in their dark but brilliant depths.

He was a young man who had but lately fallen heir to large estates, both in England and upon the continent.

One of these was a fine hunting-seat in Scotland, in which he was spending the autumn months; and shooting on which this day he had lost his way.

Never in his wanderings over land or sea had his eyes rested on one so beautiful, and like some blossom, which remains folded in its calyx for years, and then burst at once into gorgeous love-compelling beauty, so did his heart open to receive into it Rachel's image.

And why did her heart flutter so with pleasure when he accepted an invitation to remain until the morrow?

For all unwitting of the true attraction, Farmer McAuley responded to the young man's expressed desire to try his hand at the birds upon the surrounding moors for a few days by a cordial invitation to him to remain as his guest.

In his sturdy pride it never entered his mind that a child of his would think of lifting her eyes to that dark stranger, though he well liked to talk with him and listen to his stories of other lands and climes.

So it came upon him like a shock, when, after the stranger's stay had lengthened into weeks, he sought him one morning and told him the real attraction. It was his pearl—his white lily—it was Rachel.

The old gentleman was greatly surprised, and answered:

"My daughter must marry in her own station when the time comes. She's over young yet to make her choice. You do us honor, sir, by your proposal; but the time will come when you will thank me for seeing the folly of such an unseemly union."

"Sir, she shall be cherished as she deserves to be, if you will only give her to me. Think again, I beg you. I love your daughter so truly that it can but be that she returns it."

"Have you spoken to Rachel yourself, sir?"

"It is the custom of my race to speak first with the father," and the young man raised his head proudly. "I have sought you first."

"That is well. I should ill like to have my girl unhappy. I wish you well, sir, and success in all else you undertake."

"The wish, without the gift I seek, will be but little good. You take the spring out of my life, and then hope the machinery will work."

There was a bitter ring to his voice as he spoke, but Duncan McAuley was unmoved.

True to his code of honor, Louis departed without telling Rachel of his feelings, although he did not intend to give her up.

After he had gone Rachel drooped.

Her father noticed the change, and taxed her with it.

"I hope it's not moping you are after that dark stranger, Rachel. He's naught attractive to my way of thinking. He'll not be back, either, for he got more from me than he looked for. No lad from foreign parts with such a face can marry my snow-white little lass."

A sudden joy kindled the pale face and looked out of the wide eyes.

"Oh, father, did he ask you for me? Then Heaven be praised! I read his looks and acts aright. Oh, father, if that face could tell a false story, then the angels themselves would be untrue!"

"Calm yourself, Rachel," interrupted her father sternly. "Did you not hear me? You cannot be his bride."

"I care not, so he loves me," murmured Rachel, softly. "Hear my vow," she said, suddenly, sinking upon her knees, "I will never marry Louis Dalton without your consent; but I will love him my life long, and die a maid for his sake, if I cannot be his wife!"

The vow was taken and would be kept.

The strict old father himself would not have dared to ask her to break it.

Matters went on about the same at the farm.

Several years passed, during which Louis was constantly changing his location, as indeed it was necessary for him to do to give personal supervision to his various estates.

During this period of unmitigated prosperity to the wealthy young landowner, Farmer McAuley had been gradually but surely going down in the world

Still he had managed to get his rent money together.

The pay day was near, and the farmer had put the hard-earned money in a leathern wallet.

"Well, wife," he said, with a sigh, "here's pay for the last year. It's main doubtful, though, where the next will come from."

"Keep up, Duncan," was her cheerful answer. "It's all for the best, though one cannot always ken why."

So he started away to the laird's country seat on his stout cob, without weapon of defence, for it was a peaceful country and he had no fear of molestation.

But his journey was not half over, when in some lonely woods through which the road ran, an escaped convict seized his opportunity and struck him senseless from his horse, rifled his pockets, and, mounting, rode rapidly away with his plunder.

About half an hour later Duncan was found by the gamekeeper of an adjoining estate, and taken at once to the big house and cared for.

The master was away, but the housekeeper wrs kind and efficient, and under her good offices he soon came to consciousness,

One blow had fallen upon his shoulder, and it proved to be dislocated.

There was no alternative but to remain, perhaps for weeks.

So the good woman sent for Rachel to come to her father, having by judicious questioning learned that she was the light of his old eyes next to the good wife, who of course could not be spared from the home duties.

Rachel came, much to her father's delight. The day after the young proprietor arrived also.

The housekeeper told him at once of his strange guests, and he hastened to assure them of his cordial welcome.

As he entered the room Rachel rose from beside her father's bedside, and after one surprised glance held out her hand, her eyes shining like twin stars.

It was Louis Dalton.

His pale face brightened with a sudden light as he went forward.

Taking her two tender hands within his own, he turned to the old father.

"See," he said, gravely; "it is the will of God that you should give me Rachel for my very own. Her steps have been led to my roof-tree by the hand of fate. She is to me the most precious treasure in the whole world. Will you not give her to me?"

The old man looked up into the dark, earnest face.

Its expression of sincerity and kindliness could not be misunderstood, and in spite of himself he became for the first time conscious of his noble, manly beauty.

Then, too, Rachel's vow rang through his ears, and he turned his eyes on her face, which was like an April morning, first smiles and then tears.

At last he reached out a trembling hand and placed it upon Rachel's bright head.

"Take her," he said hoarsely. "It is God's will, and the lass loves you. I'm not sure it I would give her up, but the poor bairn might soon be without a sheltering roof-tree. The world's not gone well with me of late, young man."

"That is because you slighted Love, and the little tyrant is angry," said Louis, playfully, as he turned and looked questioningly into Rachel's blushing face.

"Little one, is it true? Do you love me? Look up and tell me."

She tried to raise her blue eyes to meet his, but their radiance was too powerful.

Her sweet lips trembled, but before the words came they were drowned in a shower of kisses.

Thus they were betrothed.

The Banshee's Cry.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

LIKE a grim giant, Talbote Hall, erect and stately, frowned upon Midland for miles around.

From the little river that ran through the woods of the Park, the ground sloped upward to the noble mansion on the crest.

Brightly the tiny stream gleamed this pleasant Summer night. In its turns and glidings beneath the full orbed moon, it shone and glittered like a silver snake.

Along the well-kept path beside its waters walked a youthful couple—slowly, thoughtfully, as became the place. Within sight, but beyond hearing, was a third figure; not watching the others evidently, but watching for them.

Judged by his garb, the youth was neither of the lofty nor the lowly. He was clad in the costume worn by the barrister of the day, but his bearing was unmistakably noble. Handsome he was not, by common rules, though the grander beauty of manliness showed in every word and act.

The girl was young and most beautiful. Unlike her companion there could be no doubt about her position. The inherited culture of the lordly Talbotes could not be disguised. She moved as she was—the mistress of the soil on which she stood.

Their lookout—for so the constant vigil at the bridge crossing the stream would prove her—seemed a woman much advanced in years. As she alternately bent her eyes to the gravelled road leading from the Park gates, and then towards the lovers strolling on the bank, a shadow of deep anxiety would cross her features, and her lips move as if in prayer.

Well might the faithful old nurse of Lucy Talbote pray the stolen interview would end ere the Earl's return. Had he found one of the hated Bourges upon his domain—and more than all, as his daughter's suitor—it were strange if blows were not struck and the bright green of the grass grew not red with some heart's blood.

For the feud that had come between the families centuries before, when Ireland had become the prey of the conqueror, had only grown in intensity as it grew old. And, though while one race lost title and estate, the other increased in pride and power, the Bourge never bent or cringed before the Talbote.

Still, faithful loving old Hettie Burns had scarce a reason for fear to-night. True, there had been times when it seemed almost a miracle that the lovers escaped the dreaded lord; but now she might not fear. He would hardly return before midnight, and it was not yet ten.

Though well she knew her own fate if they were discovered. The foster mother of his motherless girl, Earl Talbote had trusted his daughter's life almost wholly in her hands, and she had not proved altogether faithful to the trust.

"Lucy is now a woman," he had said to her one day, "and it is but natural her heart should long for other love and sympathy than my own. Till I have made a choice for her, however, I look to you to give her womanly counsel and guidance. My daughter must neither love nor wed beneath her station, nor must she run the risk of it."

The haughty nobleman disdained to speak his meaning more clearly, but the woman plainly understood him. She must not let the girl out of her sight; she must act as a spy upon her. Perhaps her honest indignation at his course was one reason why, when young barrister Bourge did her lady a service in the Park—her horse being unruly—that she did not frown upon the acquaintance thus begun, but helped it all she dared.

When Lucy confessed to her, however, that Owen Bourge loved her and had asked her to be his wife, Hettie Burns suddenly recollected her duty. Her old fealty to her master returned, and she forbade the further meeting of the lovers. But to-night Lucy had so pleaded and wept that her kind heart could not refuse them a last interview.

It was quite eleven when they separated, and Lucy and her nurse returned to the Hall.

Strange to say the girl did not seem depressed. On the contrary Hettie noticed an unusual sparkle in her blue eyes and a strange flush upon her cheek. It was not in the old dame's experience to note such signs when lovers part forever; and first wondering, her wonder soon gave place to dread.

For as usual with her class, any departure from what was customary struck terror to her soul. Had Lucy given way to sorrow or lamentation she would have taken it as a thing of course; but to laugh—nay, almost sing like a happy bird—could only foreshadow evil. She had heard that great woe often made people mad, and as she gazed into the joy-lit face of her foster-child, an awful presentiment chilled her to the soul.

It was not long ere they reached the Hall. All were asleep except the housekeeper, who was waiting up for them, and they immediately retired.

Lucy and her nurse occupied adjoining rooms opposite the Park slope.

Heavy clouds had now obscured the moon, and objects were seen but dimly in the shaded beams.

Lucy would not permit the lighting of the candles, saying it was clear enough to disrobe. Hettie again wondered, and her mind became more filled with dread. She tried to fight off the feeling, but something, she knew not what, froze her heart with fear.

So strong became this sensation that all she could do was to sit and watch her charge, standing there slowly unbinding her hair, before the western window. And then—there was something so wierd in the gentle motions of the soft white hands—came old tales into her head of love-lorn maids who thus prepared for death.

Half an hour so passed and the Lady of Talbote never stirred from the window. Hettie continued her earnest scrutiny of the pale face as closely as the gloom permitted; but though the impulse prompted her to speak more than once, she had not dared.

Suddenly from the edge of the grove came a long sweet cry. The old woman started at the sound and her features became as ghastly as those of the dead.

Trembling she drew near her mistress, and clasping her robe, dropped timidly at her feet.

"Oh, my Lady Lucy," she cried in a terrified whisper, "it is—it's the banshee!"

Ere the girl replied the voice came again, louder, nearer, sweeter than before. Often had old Hettie told Lady Lucy of the strange superstition that those who heard the cry of the banshees—the good people—were doomed to death; but she in her superior intelligence had laughed at it, though knowing that belief in its truth was part of her nurse's life.

Once more the voice was wafted towards them in a long wail, mingled with a distant rumbling noise and a wierd flashing of light far in the depths of the Park drive.

Hettie, her eyes bursting from their sockets, gave one agonized glance through the window, and with a loud scream fell to the floor.

At that instant Lucy rose and rapidly traversing the room disappeared in the corridor.

She halted as she reached the door and looked back at Hettie for a moment and then passed quickly on.

Meanwhile the rumbling had ceased in front of the Hall, but in its stead rose the discordant slamming of doors and hurrying footsteps.

The household had been roused by Hettie's cry.

But amid all the clamor was now heard a harsh imperious voice, demanding to know the trouble. It was Lord Talbote, whose carriage flanked by gleaming lanterns had just arrived.

Evidently some one told him whence the scream had proceeded, for his feet bounded up the stairs toward his daughter's chamber with lightning speed.

The body lying in the misty gloom caught his eye, and in an instant he had bent over the old nurse. It required but a glance to ascertain who it was, and another to show that Lucy was missing.

He called for the terrified servants below, but his voice was lost in a newer surprise. He heard the rattling of his carriage wheels on the drive, and its lamps, like meteors, speeding into the darkness of the grove. And looking out, as he dimly saw a white frightened face turned toward the mansion for a second, ere the fleet horses had drawn it into the gloom, something like the truth struck his heart with an awful fear.

But when Hettie related her story the dread grew into certainty. He felt that the lovers, knowing the nurse would never permit Lucy out of her sight without giving the alarm, had arranged for the crying of the banshee to effect her escape.

How well they had succeeded and his own inopportune arrival in time for the daring young barrister to use his matchless team in their flight, was but all too plain.

Pursuit, however was now useless, and the proud nobleman, for the first time in his life really lonely, mused long and deeply over his child's act. Something—perhaps the idle talk about the banshee—had awakened in his heart thoughts that till then lay dormant. His Lucy loved this Bourge—had fled with him, would no doubt lead with him a long and happy life. But if he had parted them, as he surely would have done had he been able, and broken his daughter's heart, the Banshee's Cry might not have been a fable after all.

So when the lovers, now happily wed, wrote to him for his forgiveness he granted it only too willingly, and the centuries of enmity and hatred between Bourge and Talbote were forgotten in the brighter day of Love.

The Duc Columbier and his wife, formerly at the head of an aristocratic family in France, but exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have been discovered as inmates of the Leeds Workhouse. The reduced nobleman is eighty-six years old, and formerly supported himself as a painter.

DAYBREAK IN MAY.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

I wander'd at the covert side,
As night gave way to morning-tide,
When May had donned her purest dress
Of tender, greenest loveliness.

Fill'd was my spirit with despair;
Yet ask me not why linger'd there
A bitter, misanthropic pain,
To banish which I strove in vain.

The star-world faded, one by one,
Before the splendor of the sun,
As he his gorgeous, kingly robe
With grandeur spread o'er half the globe.

The white mist curl'd across the wold,
The black pines showed the morning gold;
The blackbird whistled as he sprang
Across the brambles; crickets sang

Amid the sprouting bushy blades;
The roe-deer revell'd in the glades;
The white tail'd rabbit bounded free
From brake and fern; so joyous he!

It was a morn on which despair
Seem'd but a phantom of the air;
Hope rose unbidden in the breast,
And whisper'd, "Live, and leave the rest;

And trust that as night's shades have fled
From Nature's face, and overhead
Shines the bright sun, thy cloud may roll
Away, and tranquil leave thy soul."

Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY EUGENE HAY.

IT was on a raw November evening in 1869, that a spare, hook nosed individual, bearing in his hand a small valise, entered a cafe-restaurant in the immediate vicinity of the Gare du Midi at Brussels. The stranger, lifting his hat as he passed the counter, made his way to the end of the room, and seated himself on a horsehair bench placed against the wall, and commanding a good view of the entire locality.

"I may as well dine here as anywhere else," he said. "Perhaps something may turn up."

After a brief conference with the solitary waiter, the new comer proceeded to while away the interval necessary for the preparation of his repast, by a leisurely examination of the taciturn smokers around him.

It may be remembered that about the period in question, the circulation in France of M. Rochefort's Lanterne had been for some time rigidly prohibited; but that, notwithstanding every precaution taken at the frontier, several hundred copies of this pungent squib, more than one of which had been published in Brussels, had found their way through divers channels into the very heart of the Empire. In vain were suspected travellers searched, both in baggage and in person; in vain were the cleverest detectives quartered at the various depots; the invasion of the mischievous little pamphlets still continued, and the Prefecture of Police and its myrmidons were alike in despair.

Now it happened that one of the sharpest and most lynx eyed of these, Etienne Brigaud, had been summoned from Paris to Lille, and from thence dispatched to Brussels respecting a case of disputed extradition, and, his mission successfully accomplished, was awaiting the departure of the half-past eight o'clock train, by which he purposed returning to Lille, and he it was who now sat there pending the arrival of his dinner. Just before this came his attention was drawn to two new comers, who at that moment entered the cafe, apparently man and wife, and both well laden with hand-bags and other travelling appendages.

"Ah!" muttered M. Brigaud, "Belgian bourgeois, no doubt, going back to Ath or Tournay." Having arrived at which conclusion, he filled himself a bumper of wine from the bottle beside him and drank it off.

Meanwhile the couple had taken their seats at an adjoining table, and after piling up their luggage and wrappers as symmetrically as the slippery bench would allow,

"Waiter!" said the male stranger, "two beers here, lively."

"The deuce! they're French," murmured the police agent. "No Belgian ever asks for beer. I must have another look at my friends yonder."

Thus, while ostensibly engaged in demolishing his steak, he was eagerly watching his unsuspecting neighbors, more, it must be owned, from pure habit than from any special motive; their conversation, however was carried on in so low a tone that for some time the practised listener could not distinguish a single word. At length, the supposed bourgeois, turning to his companion, inquired in a sufficiently audible voice, if she were certain that "the books were well hidden?"

"I should think so," was her answer: "I defy anyone to guess where I have stowed them away."

"We'll see about that by-and-by, Madame," thought M. Brigaud, pricking up his ears.

"Would they confiscate them if they were found?" asked the wife.

"Parbleu!" replied her liege lord, summoning the waiter as he spoke, by a sharp tap of his glass on the table, and discharging the reckoning by means of a handful of Belgian ten centime pieces. Then rising hastily from his seat, he seized hold of one of the hand-bags, threw a great coat over his arm, and followed by his wife charged with the remaining articles, quitted the cafe, and proceeded across the road towards the railway station.

M. Brigaud, who had been a silent but not an indifferent spectator of the foregoing scene, smiled significantly as they left the room. "Either I am very much mistaken, my good friends," said he, "or those traps of yours will tell tales when we get to Blandain!"

A quarter of an hour later, he had entered the mail train from Brussels to Calais and was on the point of starting. The evening had set in bitterly cold, and a motley crowd of passengers just released from the waiting-room, and shivering under their manifold wrappers, were hurrying to and fro. In a few moments the train was gliding out of the station.

Sitting opposite his fellow travellers, who, it is almost superfluous to state, were the identical couple whose temporary sojourn in the cafe has been already recorded, M. Brigaud maintained for some time a discreet silence.

"Brr!" he finally shivered out, as a rush of cold air made its way in.

"Don't you find it rather unpleasant travelling monsieur," said he addressing his opposite neighbor.

"We have taken our precautions, you perceive," replied the stranger, wrapping a thick cloak closely round him as he spoke, and pointing to his wife, half hidden beneath a pyramid of shawls and rugs.

"I wish I could say as much," observed the detective: "I must have left my paletot in the cafe; I missed it as I got in here."

"If monsieur does not mind," interposed the lady, "we have a spare coat lying idle, belonging to my brother-in-law. It will keep monsieur warm at all events as far as Lille."

"True! the very thing," exclaimed her husband, dislodging the article in question from a recess by his side, and tossing it on the opposite side. "There," he said, "wrap yourself well up in that: it's a trifle too large for you, but you'll be all the warmer."

M. Brigaud, after a decent show of resistance, allowed himself to be persuaded, and was speedily encased in a ponderous garment of vast circumference, lined throughout with fur, and altogether extremely comfortable. "Very civil people these," he murmured, as he sank back complacently into his corner. "Sorry to be obliged to split upon them, but must do my duty!"

At Blandain everyone left the train for the examination by the customs officers. M. Brigaud slipped unseen into the building by a side-door, and taking the grim-visaged female entrusted with the examination of the lady passengers aside, communicated his suspicions to her, and after accurately describing the supposed delinquents, repaired to a back apartment, there to indulge in the luxury of a drink. In about ten minutes the sound of a bell warned him that the examination was at an end. All hands then rushed for the cars. As the detective passed rapidly through the room, he was arrested by the shrill voice of the female official, calling him by name:

"Ah, you," she said, "what cock and-bull story have you been telling me!—keeping everybody waiting, and giving me all this trouble for nothing?"

He started back. "What! you don't mean to say you didn't find the books!"

"Books!" shouted the enraged dame; "what do I care about English books! They don't pay duty!"

"English books!" muttered M. Brigaud, as he hurried off. "I've put my foot in it nicely this time; if they ever hear of it in Paris I'm done for!"

Once more in his snug corner he found his fellow travellers in the highest spirits, detailing with infinite zest the discomfiture of the searcher, and imitating her grimaces as she extracted one after another half-a dozen volumes of Tauchnitz' novels from Madame's capacious pockets.

"It was as good as a farce, Monsieur," said the lady, nearly choking at the recollection.

Brigaud was not over-pleased, but with the help of another cigar he gradually recovered his good humor, and chatted pleasantly with his companions, whom he ascertained to be commission agents established in England, and returning thither via Calais, on account of the short sea passage, from a business trip to Belgium, until a succession of whistles and the periodical flickering of gas-lamps announced their approach to Lille.

"You stop here, Monsieur, do you not?" asked the lady, who had just whispered a few words to her husband.

M. Brigaud, at that moment engaged in divesting himself reluctantly of the comfortable coat, answered in the affirmative.

"I have a great favor to beg of you, Monsieur," she continued, "if it would not give you too much trouble."

"Say rather pleasure," was the gallant reply. "I am entirely at Madame's orders."

Madame signified her acknowledgments by a gracious smile.

"You know the Northern Hotel," she pursued—"it is close by; would it inconvenience you to leave the coat there for my brother-in-law on your way home? I am so afraid he may not think of coming to the gate."

"He shall have it in five minutes, Madame. What name shall I enquire for?"

"Monsieur Jules."

"Madame may consider her commission as already executed."

And with many bows and mutual expressions of good-will, M. Brigaud took leave of his fellow-passengers, and, shouldering his valise, descended from the carriage and proceeded on his errand.

On arriving at the hotel, he found a stout individual standing at the door in conversation with one of the waiters, who answered to that name and to whom he delivered the garment.

He had hardly disappeared round the corner of the street when the stout man, turning to the waiter, asked him if he knew the gentleman who had just left them?

"I don't know his name," was the reply, "but I have seen him more than once with the commissaire. He is a police agent."

"You don't say so!" said Monsieur Jules."

Meanwhile, the subject of this inquiry had directed his steps towards the Prefecture, and had been forthwith admitted to the private office of the commissaire, to whom he rendered a detailed account of his mission, and received orders to be in attendance at twelve o'clock on the following day.

At the appointed hour he was once more ushered into the cabinet of his chief, no longer smiling affably as on the preceding evening, but frowning ominously.

"What is the meaning of this, Brigaud?" said he sternly, holding out a paper for the inspection of the agent. It was a telegram marked "private," and dated that morning from Brussels.

"Read it aloud," pursued the commissaire. M. Brigaud obeyed, and read as follows:

"BRUSSELS, Thursday, 9.30.

"Yesterday twelve copies sold, sent last night by Calais mail train, sewed inside coat lined with fur. Bearers, two persons unknown. CHAPONET.

Chaponet was chief of the Belgian police. During the perusal of this document the police agent's voice trembled, and his face grew ashy pale. "Ah, the scoundrels!" he exclaimed, forgetful of the presence of his superior. Suddenly, a thought appeared to strike him, and before the astonished commissaire could make any effort to detain him, he seized his hat, and, without attempting an explanation, darted headlong out of the room.

In an incredibly short space of time he had reached the hotel, and, without attempting an explanation, darted headlong out of the room.

In an incredibly short space of time he had reached the hotel, and grasped by the collar the luckless waiter, who was solacing himself with a pipe on the steps before the door, but learned M. Jules had started for Paris that morning.

It was with faltering step and downcast mien that the police agent re-ascended the staircase leading to the private bureau, and so utterly depressed and woe-begone was his appearance that the commissaire stared at him for a moment in speechless wonder.

"Monsieur Brigaud," said he at length, "perhaps you will now have the goodness to explain the meaning of this unaccountable conduct. "But answer me first; is this information," pointing to the telegram which lay on the table, "correct, and twelve copies of the Lanterne passed the frontier last night?"

"I—I believe so."

"Concealed in the lining of a coat, without suspicion being attached to any particular individual? Inexplicable!" murmured the commissaire. "The employes at Blandain shall answer for this."

"It was no fault of theirs," exclaimed the detective, unable to contain himself any longer. "Hold, this questioning drives me wild, and I had rather make a clean breast of it at once. Monsieur, I have been tricked as police agent was never tricked before! I have laid a trap and fallen into it myself. The entire occurrences of last night have been one enormous mistake, as you will own, when I tell you that the innocent wearer of the cloak lined with fur, the involuntary circulator of the Lanterne, was no other than——"

"Who?" interrupted the commissaire, bending eagerly forward.

"Etienne Brigaud."

Dr. Carver, the American marksman, now in England, is obliged to confine himself to exhibition feats because no one will accept his challenges.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, will spend the summer at his home in Northfield, Mass. He has not decided in what city he will spend next winter.

A portrait, said to be the missing one of Shakspeare, has been discovered at Sydney. It has been despatched to England, insured for $25,000.

Scientific and Useful.

CREMATION.—The cremation method of disposing of dead bodies is not making very rapid progress toward universal acceptance either in England or the United States. The medical press of the former country appears to be opposed to the practice. The celebrated crematory, at Washington, Pa., the only one in this country, has, it is said been converted into a factory for canning fruits!

THE HAIR.—A French scientist has called attention to the medico-legal value of the odor of the human hair, and has given some new facts. He asserts that from the simple smell of a lock of hair he can tell whether the lock has been cut from the living subject or whether it has been composed of hair that has fallen out. Hair-dressers have acquired this art, which is said never to fail them. Hair which has fallen out has a dull appearance, attributable to disease, and is not easily made up; it has no peculiar smell.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH:—According to the new researches the globe has now about 1,439,145,300 inhabitants. Europe contains 319,398,480; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa 205,210,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,413,000 America, 86,116,000. This gives an average of 500 inhabitants per square mile of the surface of the globe. After calculating the number of human beings on the globe the German statisticians turn their attention to the number of horses. This is estimated at about 58,000,000; of which number the contingent of the United States is 9,504,000.

A CURIOUS THEORY.—At the last sitting of the biology section in connection with the British Association meeting, a curious paper was read to show that a pendant condition of the leaf-shaped cartilage at the back of the throat, called the epiglottis, was fatal to longevity, because it interfered with breathing. Of some thousands of persons who were examined, the epiglottis was found vertical in more than seventy instances. This was the case with Lords Palmerston, Campbell, Brougham, Lyndhurst, and others who had lived long.

A REVOLUTION IN STONE CUTTING.—A revolution in stone cutting seems likely to be accomplished by a machine, recently invented by a Bostonian. It is operated by steam power equivalent to that of a single horse; but it does the work of a dozen or more men, within a given time, in this laborious and unhealthy occupation, with the greatest accuracy and perfection. Heretofore it has seemed an impossibility to substitute machinery for hand labor in the preparation of stone for costly buildings; but the machine appears to accomplish everything necessary.

RAPID TANNING.—A joint stock company was recently formed in Detroit for the purpose of tanning leather in one hour. The process is a chemical one performed by the action of certain inexpensive materials, the compounding of which in the right proportions is a secret. It is claimed that robes, tanned with the hair on, are as soft as the finest wool: hides of the deer, horse, dog, &c., are smooth and soft, while calf and kip show the texture and grain which shoemakers most admire. No bark is required, except a little to give the proper color to the leather.

A REMEDY FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—An eminent German physician states that by placing twenty drops of oil of turpentine on a handkerchief, holding it before the face, and taking about forty deep inspirations, to be repeated thrice daily, signal and marked relief, followed by rapid cure in cases of laryngeal catarrh, is the result. In an infant fifteen months old, in the convulsive stage of whooping cough, he directed the mother to hold a cloth, moistened as above, before it when awake, and to drop the oil upon its pillow when asleep. The result was markedly beneficial.

Farm and Garden.

SAND FOR BEDDING.—In Holland, where sand is more plentiful and cheaper than hay, it is used for bedding cows. This keeps the animals always entirely clean, and the milk never takes the odor of the stable.

INSECTS ON BUSHES.—Saturate corncobs with kerosene and hang them on the plum trees in order to get rid of the curculio. A thorough dressing of the bushes with finely-ground plaster of Paris is said to be the most efficacious remedy for the currant worm.

FOOD FOR POULTRY.—Stale bread moistened with sweet milk is recommended very highly as good feed for young chickens the first few days. When a week old they may be fed on cracked grain scalded. When old enough to swallow grain give plenty of it.

REMEDY FOR HEAVES.—A most valuable remedy for heaves, and said to be a sure cure: Forty sumac buds, one pound of resin, one pint of ginger, half a pound of mustard, one pint of unslacked lime, one pound of epsom salts, four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces of cream tartar. Mix thoroughly and divide into thirty powders, and give one every morning in their feed before watering.

MOLES IN GARDENS.—Moles are a nuisance in gardens. There are various means of destroying them, or driving them away. Correspondents say soak corn until soft, then with a penknife open each kernel, place in a dose of strychnia, and close up again. Open a hole through the dirt over their roads, drop in the corn and cover again. Another says plant in the garden the seeds of the mole tree, a hardy annual, sometimes called caper spurge.

SEASONABLE HINTS.—The vitality of seeds may be tested by placing a sample of almost any of the larger kind of seeds or grains upon a hot pan or griddle. When the seeds are good and the vitality is perfect the specimen will crack or pop open with more or less noise; on the other hand, if the seed is not good, or the vitality is defective, it will remain still and burn. Seeds should not be kept too dry; an airy but moderately dry quarter garret is the best place to keep them.

CARE of SHEEP.—Sheep, owing to their shyness, should be treated with great kindness. Their treatment should be such that they will actually learn to entertain an affection for their keeper. A flock of wild sheep is about the most unprofitable investment that a farmer can make. They are continually getting themselves into trouble and causing great annoyance, if not loss to their owner. Never haul them about by the wool, but place the arms about the body and round the fore leg. In catching them take them by the hind leg, just above the hock.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1879.

"SOME HUSBANDS."

SOME husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-bye, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort was a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands will come home pleasant and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointment. Some husbands bring home a newspaper, or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed time. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire. "Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest where kindness, interest, politeness, and attention are the rule on the part of husbands—of course, all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there."

We may lay it down as an invariable and incontrovertible principle that no family can be happy without employment—regular, diversified, continually-recurring employment. There may be the possession of wealth; there may be a beautiful domain; there may be everything externally to enjoy; but unless there be appropriate and varied employment to occupy the body, engross the mind, and awaken the energies, there cannot be happiness. It is the active, industrious, persevering family that is the truly happy family; not the idle, the slothful, the useless—not the family that has no definite plan, no fixed and important object, no personal and collective agency.

It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary; but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is, not to give way to lamentation, but to seek action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and search for the remedy.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A CORRESPONDENT describing the recent Shakspeare memorial celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, says that Warwickshire has plenty of beautiful women within its boundaries, and it sent them up to this concert. Nevertheless, the prettiest women there were Americans, few in number, but faultlessly dressed.

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REFERRING to the allowance of pin-money given to English ladies, an English paper, a high authority, in an article on the subject, says that $2,500 a year is the usual sum allotted in the highest grade of life, even in the case of men who have from $100,000 to $150,000 a year. A lady whose husband has from $15,000 to $30,000 would get annually from $1,000 to $2,000.

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THE most useful invention of modern times is that of a German inventor, who proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue, a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

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FROM 1875 to 1877, according to statistics just published by the French Ministry of the Interior, only 11,000 Frenchmen emigrated from France, while during the same time 60,000 foreigners crossed its territory in search of homes in the New World. The indisposition to emigrate and colonize on the part of the French is set down to the low increase of the population, which allows them all to live at home comfortably under their own vine and fig-tree.

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AN Austrian glass spinner has established a business, offering for sale glass carpets, cuffs, collars, veils, etc. He not only spins but weaves. The otherwise brittle glass he changes at will into pliable threads which make good, warm clothing. The process is a secret. He makes ladies' hats with glass feathers, which are lighter than real feathers. Glass wool cannot be distinguished from the real article. Being a non-conductor, it is very valuable for clothing, and may cause a revolution in dress material.

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A COMPANY has been formed in Dublin for the purpose of establishing palace cafes on a scale of great extent and magnificence. The main object of the enterprise is to attract the working classes to central halls where spacious accommodations, splendid decorations, brilliant lighting, and unintoxicating refreshments can be enjoyed at a moderate cost, with the additional features of music, recitations, lectures and scientific exhibitions. What an immense field for doing good such a scheme offers to the rich men of our big cities!

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EGYPTIAN wheat is attracting attention in California, where the climate is particularly favorable to its growth. It yields enormously, furnishes good food for man and beast, and promises to be a valuable crop, one grower claiming to have harvested eighty bushels to the acre. It does not grow in ears, but is gathered from the top of the talk like broom corn, only in more condensed form. It grows to a less height than Indian corn, branches out more, and has on each branch a large head containing thousands of seeds.

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QUEEN VICTORIA is said to object seriously to the feminine fashion of wearing the hair in a fringe across the forehead. It is said further that she instructed the bridesmaids who appeared at the recent wedding of her son that they would not be permitted to wear their locks in that fashion, nor to don high-heeled boots, nor to wear tied-back gowns. Last year, it is reported, one young lady who came to a drawing-room with her hair over her eyes, was informed by the Lord Chamberlain that until her hair had grown she need not attend any more at the palace.

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AN English paper speaking of the Prince of Wales, says: "He is fond of late hours, but no matter how late he may go to bed, he rises early the next morning. He is a keen sportsman, and a very fair shot. At whist he plays an excellent hand. And whether the occupation of the moment be whist, sport, or dancing, he enters into it with a hearty relish, which contrasts strongly with the *blase* airs of the golden youths of the day. His constitution is an excellent one. He rarely has a day's illness, and he is a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body."

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THE "courtin'" of Miss Julia Smith, of Glastonbury began in a literary correspondence. "Last summer," said the venerable bridegroom at the wedding reception, "when I read that her sister had departed, I wanted to express my sympathy in some way, but knew not how to do it exactly, and finally sent her a volume of my poems, having written on the margin, 'with sympathies of the author.' Thereupon she sent me a pamphlet entitled, 'Abby Smith and her Cows.' On the cover of that pamphlet I saw an advertisement saying that Miss Julia Smith, unaided, had translated the entire Bible, and that it was for sale at Hartford. I immediately sent for it, and found that it was unlike the usual version, or King James' Bible, as it is called. I then began reviewing the Bible." Then followed a long correspondence, which ended in a personal acquaintance and matrimony.

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THE Nihilists employ governesses to compromise the daughters of the highest officials in the Imperial service. A Russian General named Samoyoff stationed at Kharkoff, recently engaged a governess for the education of his daughter. The governess was the sister of a Nihilist, and brought up her pupil in her brother's political opinions. The brother was arrested during the students' riots at Kharkoff, and the General shortly afterwards received an anonymous letter stating that his daughter was a Nihilist, that there were compromising papers in her desk, and that the authorities would be informed of this if the General did not endeavor to obtain the immediate liberation of the arrested student. The General looked into his daughter's desk, and finding that the papers were really there, set the student at liberty.

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GERMAN postoffices are zoological gardens on a small scale. In the course of a year as many as 40,000 live animals are sent by post, and if crabs, frogs, bees, and small insects are counted, the total will be among the millions. The postoffice authorities have the privilege of excluding such animals as may be deemed either dangerous or disagreeable; but within the last six months thirty-nine packages of living animals were refused, among which were an alligator, done up in a box considered as too fragile; a lot of dogs, whose persistent barking could not be quieted; and a number of pigeons loosely tied in a sack. On the other hand, during the same period, a crocodile, scores of birds of prey, monkeys, serpents, a leopard, and four living bear cubs were transmitted by post.

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WHERE a Yankee would suspect a practical joke a Welshman stands in awe of the supernatural. In Swansea Valley there is a friendly society among whose rules is one that the funeral allowance on account of a deceased member shall not be paid in case of suicide. One of the members recently died by his own hand, and the club accordingly refused to pay the death money. The members are now complaining that they are subjected to serious persecution from a ghostly agent. The manifestations began on a recent Sunday, when one of the officers, returning home over a lonely road, was assailed by the spirit of the late member, who, failing to obtain a satisfactory reply to his demand for the money, actually "tore his clothes to ribbons." On the following Tuesday evening, while the members were assembled in their lodge room, the usual knocks were heard as of a brother seeking admittance. The door was opened, but no one was to be seen. The members are all very certain, however, that they heard the voice of the deceased utter the words, "Pay my widow my funeral money and I shall be at rest." The meeting was broken up, the brothers being unable to determine how they could subject the deceased member to discipline.

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IT is not an uncommon thing to hear young men complain that their early schooling was deficient in quantity, poor in quality, or, if neither of these, was wasted through indifference and folly. They would get on better in life if they knew more, they are free to admit, but they do not see that they are daily wasting opportunities which, if improved, would in a few years give them a fairly good education. They think themselves too old to learn, and spend more time regretting their lack of knowledge than would suffice to give them the knowledge they need. It is said that the father of Professor Sumner, of Yale College, could neither read nor write when he came to this country, a young English mechanic. Within twenty years thereafter he was known as one of the best read men in Hartford, one of the most cultivated communities in the country. Instead of wasting his time in idle regrets for his deficient schooling, he learned to read, and read to good purpose. In a similar way many of the best, most honored, and most successful men our country has known have begun their acquaintance with letters after reaching manhood; and there is no reason why the most illiterate mechanic in our land, if possessed of natural ability and a sincere purpose, may not increase his enjoyment in life, his opportunities for improving his social and financial condition, and the chances of his family for the highest success in life, by an honest effort to retrieve by study the disadvantages by which early poverty or lack of educational opportunities have surrounded him.

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THERE are those who wash the rest of the body often except the head; the practice of smearing it with oil almost universally prevails. The Easterns do the reverse—they shave it. A greater comfort there cannot be than a bald pate. Washing the head is in no case prejudicial. Unless you wash the head the washing of the body is neither complete nor satisfactory. The refreshment of washing the head may often be procured when it is impossible to wash the body. Soap and water are injurious, not to the hair, but to the hairdressers. The men of the East have no hair to show; but if soap and water injure the hair, whence comes the luxurious abundance of that of the women? The hair of the head, like the fur of animals, is made to bear wind and rain, and to be a protection against them. You cover it up. The fur of animals thickens and strengthens when exposed to air and wet. Your hair falls off and you oil it. If it grows weak change its habits. If it is not washed, and if it is oiled, begin to wash it, and leave off oiling it. Every week an Eastern lady has her hair thoroughly washed at the bath. It is well soaped and rubbed. They are very particular about soap, and use none but that made of olive oil. The Castile soap, which in this country is sold at the apothecary's, is the soap the least injurious to the skin. This is twice repeated. After the soap, they apply a paste of American bale and rose leaves. This is rubbed into the roots of the hair, and left to imbibe all the grease of the head; it is then, like soap, washed off with bowls of hot water, and leaves the locks perfectly clean and silken. From time to time they dye it. On these occasions an attendant mixes up a handful of henna dust in hot water, and thoroughly smears with it the hair, which is then turned up into a ball and bound tightly with a napkin. In this state they go through the bath. When the napkin is removed, and the henna paste washed out, the hair, before black, will have become of a bronze auburn; and if gray, red. The bath occupies from three to four hours, with the smoking, chatting, music and dancing which accompany it, in an atmosphere which excludes every unpleasant sensation.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY C. H. S.

I give thee back the ring thou gav'st
With words of love so fondly said,
And vows which in a trusting heart
Awakened hopes now crushed and dead.

I deemed thee noble, kind, and true,
With honest heart as pure as gold;
But I have found 'twas not thyself—
I loved a man of fancy's mould!

Take back thy gift; 'tis now to me
A worthless, desecrated thing!
Since I have learned the faithlessness
Of him who gave the jeweled ring.

Yes take it back! I scorn to wear
This emblem of thy vain deceit!
I hate, despise, and loathe thee! See
I fling the bauble at thy feet.

I've given it back, and every tie
That ever bound my heart to thee
Is severed. Yes, with joy I fling
Thy chains from off my soul—I'm free!

Ashleigh's Wife.

BY C. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE short winter day was closing in fast, and the gloomy old hall of Ashleigh Manor had long been enveloped in shadow, relieved only by the flare of the huge wood-fire that crackled and blazed hospitably on the wide hearth, the brilliant uncertain light causing weird shadows to appear on the dark wainscoted walls, and playing strange tricks with the old battered arms and grotesque weapons with which they were adorned—grim, silent witnesses of many a bloody strife and noble deed, when the Ashleighs had perilled all for their honor and their king. Old Sir Thomas, the present owner, loved nothing so well as to recount these deeds of heroism to any attentive listener—and there were always plenty, for no more popular land holder was to be met with for miles round than the kind-hearted Baronet.

But the silence which had lasted so long was broken by the rustle of a woman's dress, and the firelight flashed on a very lovely vision descending the broad staircase—a girl of about eighteen, with a delicate patrician face lighted by lustrous dark eyes, with massive coils of red-brown hair twisted simply round her well-shaped head, her pale blue dress of rich silk falling in sweeping folds about her, the open body and short sleeves, edged with costly lace, showing to advantage her fair white neck and arms.

She came stepping down the broad shallow steps leisurely, with an indolent careless grace peculiar to her, and, pausing at the fire stood looking dreamily down into the glowing depths of light. Some pleasant reverie seemingly softened the haughty little mouth with a shy tender smile, and brought two pretty dimples out of their hiding-places, wonderfully improving the usually too passive expression of the features. But, to a keen observer, what a world of passion lay under the calm exterior! What intense love, what gnawing jealousy, what bitter pain was that nature capable of—perhaps doomed to experience!

The girl's reverie was broken by a rush of cold wind caused by the opening of the outer door, and the flush on her cheeks deepened as she recognized the tall figure that joined her on the bright hearth—a man tall and noble-looking, whose stately proportions were set off to advantage by the hunting-dress he wore, and whose attractive, though not handsome face was lighted up by a brilliant smile of pleased surprise as he became aware of the presence of the lovely girl before him.

"Have you had a good run?" she asked shyly, extending her pretty hand, which he clasped and held longer and more warmly than the rigid etiquette of politeness absolutely required.

"Oh, very good, I believe!" he answered, laughing. "I lost most of it though. I have never been in this part of the country before, and the geography of it is really too complicated for my weak brain to take in all at once. So, after enjoying a solitary ride of—I should say—at least twenty miles over some very remarkable hedges and ditches, and just as I was seriously thinking of laying me down to die, I found myself close to the park gates; and so here I am, almost a second Ulysses—but I have something better than a dog to welcome me on my return."

"I really think it served you right for being so stupid as to miss them," she answered, smiling; "but there is the gong—you will be late if you don't go and dress at once—and then what will Sir Thomas say?"

"That such a thing as young men being late at dinner was not allowed when he was young. Don't look at me, Miss Greville, when he says it, or I shall disgrace myself."

And with her musical laugh ringing in his ears he made a hasty retreat to his dressing-room, and she stood where he had left her, her heart thrilling with a deep joy that the very sound of his voice awakened in her. For this man was very dear to her—how dear she was afraid to confess even to herself. If he had known that under the gay easy exterior with which she greeted him her heart was beating and her pulses bounding with the passionate love that only a haughty reserved nature can feel, his brow would not have been so clouded nor his step so heavy when he found himself in the solitude of his own room, and when, throwing himself into a chair, without even remembering that he ought to dress, he muttered gloomily—

"She does not care a button for me—I was a fool to think she did. She is like all the rest of them—a heartless coquette. And yet she is not like them either; when she looks at me with her sweet innocent eyes, I feel mad enough to say anything—to tell her that I love the very ground her little feet tread on, and ask her to share——Ah" —with a bitter laugh—"share what? A soldier's pay and a barrack-room! No, no, my beautiful queen, Sidney Lennox is not the man to bring you to that. You will marry some rich steady fellow, who will make you a better husband than I ever could; though I doubt if he will love you better. But I hope it won't be that loafing ape Ashleigh. I believe he is coming home to-night. Lucky dog! Heir to a title and Heaven knows how many thousand a year! And yet I don't think I should change places with him if I had the chance—but that is sour grapes, I suppose. And now I must prepare myself to brave Sir Thomas's wrath for being late. So here goes."

Captain Lennox's gloomy forebodings of the state of the Baronet's temper were put to flight by the unexpected arrival of the son and heir—the "loafing ape," as that morose young man chose to designate him, and certainly unjustly so. His figure was tall and well formed, his face good-humored and laughing, as he answered the eager questions and remarks that were showered upon him from all sides. All the anxious mammas who had marriageable daughters, also anxious, agreed that Philip Ashleigh, only son of Sir Thomas Ashleigh, heir to fifteen thousand a year, and an estate in one of the best hunting counties in England, was a very agreeable young man.

"You didn't expect I should be here till late to-night?" he was saying to Sir Thomas, who was gazing at him with the fond proud eyes of a doating father looking upon an only son. "Nor did I; but you see I managed it. I sent a note to the Marstons, with whom I was to have lunched to-day, to say that the doctor thought me so seedy that he had ordered me to keep perfectly quiet and go in the country at once, tumbled my traps into a portmanteau, and started—you know I have always been a most obedient boy."

"Well, come and have some dinner now," said his father, laughing—"if it is not too cold to be eaten. You can talk to Florence afterwards," he added, as Miss Greville entered the room, and Philip with a deeper flush on his bright face jumped up eagerly to meet her.

"We must obey orders," he remarked, laughing. "The country agrees with you, Florence; I have never seen you looking better."

"Thank you, Phil," she answered, smiling; "I think I can return the compliment."

"How are the Marstons, dear?" his mother asked. "I think you said something about them when you arrived."

"Oh, all right!" was the answer. "Blanche is really a very pretty girl, and has such a seat on horseback—no one in the Row can come up to her. By the bye, Lennox, she asked no end of questions about you, and seemed to take an interest in the subject; so you may be sure I put in a good word for you. You know she will have heaps of money when her father dies."

"You are very kind," was the frigid reply. "I wonder Miss Marston didn't answer you in the words of that demure little Puritan, Priscilla."

"Oh, no danger of that!" laughed Philip. "Blanche and I know each other better than to indulge in any nonsense of that sort; besides, she is not my style at all. She is small and fair, and I admire something quite different." His eyes wandered to where Miss Greville sat devoting her whole attention apparently to the fruit on her plate.

Just then his mother rose, and the ladies filed out, leaving the gentlemen to the unrestrained enjoyment of their own company.

"I wonder what Blanche Marston is like." The words had been repeating themselves over and over again in Florence Greville's brain all the evening; and now, as she stood before her pretty dressing-table slowly loosening the heavy coils of her hair, the fair face looked strangely sad, and the sweet eyes had a wistful yearning in their clear depths which was pitiful to see.

"He must love her. She is rich and pretty, and likes him—she could not help it. And he is poor, and could not marry any one who had no fortune, even if he liked her ever so much. And then how do I know that he likes me? He has never said so, and he would have said it; but, oh, Sidney, my darling, I love you more than all the world! How can I give you up?"

Poor young suffering heart! How much of its sore pain would have been lightened if the barrier of pride and reserve walling in that other heart could have been broken down and the deep mutual loved revealed!

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"So you must really leave us to-day, Lennox?" said Sir Thomas the next morning at breakfast. "Could you not manage to stay a few days longer? You and Philip have not met for such a long time, it seems a pity you have no chance of knowing each other better."

"I am very sorry indeed," was the answer, "but there is no help for it—I must be off to-day."

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped," remarked the Baronet—"at all events we shall meet in town before long. My wife thinks every moment an hour until she can take Florence into all kinds of dissipation."

"Oh, you are coming to town, Miss Greville!" said Sidney quickly. "I thought you were going abroad with your mother?"

"So I intended," she answered, "but mamma and aunt Letitia were so anxious that I should come out this season that I gave it up, greatly against my inclination, for mamma is so delicate that I don't think she ought to be left alone; and I know how to nurse her better than any one else."

"Well, that is a conceited speech!" laughed Sir Thomas. "I wonder what the young women of the present day are coming to. When I was young it was different."

"But that is such a long time ago," said Florence demurely.

"You have caught it now, Thomas," cried his wife, clapping her plumy hands delightedly, and in a peal of laughter at his discomfiture the party broke up.

Sidney Lennox strolled out on to the terrace with a cigar, his eyes bent on the ground, and his brain working busily.

"I will speak to her to-day," he muttered. "She can only tell me I am a fool; and it will be better to hear even that from her than to go in the suspense I am enduring."

As if in answer to his thoughts, his eyes at that moment caught sight of the subject of them. The tall swaying figure moving along with its usual unconscious grace, the coquettish little hat, the bright striped petticoat, over which the black velvet dress was looped so becomingly, showing to advantage the slender arched feet encased in irresistible little boots—none of all the charming details escaped his critical eye.

"Now or never!" was his mental exclamation, but his outward action was only to throw away his cigar and, after watching the direction she had taken, to turn down another path which he knew would bring them face to face. And his gray eyes glowed with triumph as he saw the flush that rose to her cheeks and the drooping of her dark eyes as she recognized him. And then a sudden restraint fell on them both, and in a sweet confused silence they paced along. But the time was short—in another half-hour he must go.

"Miss Greville—Florence," he began—the strong man's heart beat quickly—that heart that had faced death a score of times without quailing—"you must know—must have seen—how madly I love you——"

"Hollo, Lennox, here you are at last! I have been looking everywhere for you. The dog cart is at the door to take you to the station, and you must look sharp to catch the train. I am really awfully sorry you have to go. I hope you have been telling him how sorry we all are, Florence?"

But Florence was mute. Not to save her life could she have uttered a syllable.

Sidney pressed her hand in a lingering clasp, and for an instant she raised her dark eyes to his and read in them the confirmation of his words. Now her hungry soul was satisfied, her jealous pain forgotten. He loved her! No one could rob her of that precious joy, nothing could make her unhappy again. Poor innocent child, it was well for her that she saw not the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which was rising slowly but surely to overshadow her life's happiness.

Honest, blundering, good-natured Philip, driving his silent guest along the hard wintry road and talking gaily of anything that came uppermost, little knew what anathemas were being showered on his defenceless head for a "lumbering, blundering idiot." He only thought that Lennox was a very dull fellow and that he was not very sorry he was obliged to leave them so suddenly.

"But I suppose," was the conclusion arrived at by this sagacious young man, "he will marry Blanche Marston and be all right then. And how jolly it is that we are to have Florence all the season! What a sensation she will make, and how the girls will hate her!"

"Was that Captain Lennox I saw you walking with?" asked Mrs. Greville as her daughter entered the morning-room.

"Yes, mother," answered the girl, while a tide of tell-tale crimson rushed over her face and throat; "Philip has driven him to the train now. You know he had to leave suddenly."

"Yes, so your aunt has been telling me," answered her mother, with a keen though furtive glance at her daughter's blushing face.

Mrs. Greville was a great invalid—had been so for years. When young she had possessed a certain amount of pink-and-white dollish prettiness, which, together with an artless confiding manner and sweet voice, had captivated Major Greville's soft heart and induced him to make her his wife. His illusion was soon dispelled by the discovery that the confiding childish manner he had so much admired was the cloak to an exacting peevish temper and an ambitious desire for the good things of this life, of which the poor Major had but few. But he bore his disappointment bravely, and to the last day of his life treated his wife with the same chivalrous courtesy as he did when they were first married. His little Florence was his great comfort. All the honest hearty love of his nature was lavished on her, and on his death-bed she was the one nearest to him. It was she who held the once strong, now powerless hand in her childish ones, who wiped the death-dews from the damp brow, and heard the last painfully-uttered words from the lips so soon to be silent for ever. Mrs. Greville was too much shaken, she said, to allow of her being much with her husband; so it was Florence who never left his bedside. And so the end came, and the soldier was laid in his quiet grave, and the world went on as usual, pitying for a few days the widow whose lamentations were so loud though not very long-lived, and knowing nothing of the terrible sorrow that rent the young girlish heart and was hidden so carefully by the pale composure of the passive face.

After her father's death Florence and her mother lived with their friends. The pretty pathetic little widow and her handsome daughter were always courted and made much of wherever they went; and at the present time they had just arrived on a visit to Mr. Greville's uncle, Sir Thomas Ashleigh, at whose house they were to separate, Mrs. Greville going to the South of France for her health, and Florence to follow the gay programme of a young beauty's first season.

But the good mother was determined Florence should not throw herself away on a penniless soldier as she herself had done. The tell-tale blushes on her daughter's cheeks had confirmed her in her suspicions that her liking for Captain Lennox was deeper than suited her mother's ambitious views, and her mind at once began busily to form a plan for putting an end to it. She had no idea of the deep absorbing love that filled Florence's whole soul. It was only a girlish liking, she thought, inspired by a fine figure and attractive manner; and she would be thrown so much into the company of that remarkably handsome fellow Philip—who it was easy to see adored her—that there was no saying what might happen. At the same time there would be no harm in throwing out a few judicious hints that Sidney Lennox was not to be trusted.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning-room at Ashleigh Manor was one of the pleasantest in the house. The light chintz covered furniture was a relief to the eye after the sombre old-fashioned stateliness of the rest of the house. The view from the large bay-window extended far over the park, and the tables were invitingly littered with magazines, books, and newspapers.

Mrs. Greville and Florence were the only occupants of the room—one reclining on a couch by the fire, languidly toying with some fancy-work, the other with a book on her knee, and her dreamy eyes fixed on the distant landscape, while her mind was going over and over the words that made music to her—

"You must know how madly I love you!"

He had been gone a week to-day. She had known nothing about him since. He had not written. But it was all right—she was not afraid. He knew what was best to be done. He would write when the time came. And then he loved her! She wanted nothing more than that.

The door opened and Lady Ashleigh came in.

"A letter from Mrs. Marston," she said, unfolding it. "She writes in great spirit about Blanche. They have been very anxious about her lately—she seemed so depressed and unlike herself—but, since Captain Lennox has been so much there, she is like a different girl. Her mother says he seems really attached to her; and, as she always liked him, I see no reason why they should not make a match of it."

"She would just suit him," remarked Mrs. Greville carelessly. "Of course he must marry money; and, when he can get an amiable pretty girl into the bargain, so much the better. Besides, I know he always liked her."

"I thought there was something suspicious in the way he hurried off last week," laughed Lady Ashleigh. "I suspect what

Philip said about Blanche had something to do with it. Florence dear, are you ill?" she added, hastily going towards her. "You look pale."

"No, auntie," was the faint answer, "I am quite well; I—I think the fire was too hot. I shall go to my room and lie down for a little."

"Do, dear; and I will send Morris to you with a little sal volatile."

"No; auntie; don't send any one to me, please—I would rather be alone."

She felt she must be alone or she would go mad. Locked in the secure solitude of her own room, pacing up and down, with her slight hands clasped and her dark eyes gazing blankly before her, it seemed to her that she must die, that life could not go on through the awful torture that was making her heart bleed. How could she have been so foolish—as to think he cared for her? Of course he had always loved Blanche—every one said so—and he had only been amusing himself with her; and, oh—with a gasp of shame—had she let him see that she loved him? If she could only remember what she had said on that never-to-be forgotten day! No, she did not think she had said anything—Philip had come before she had had time. Oh, thank Heaven for the interruption she thought so hard to bear at the time!

Well, Philip loved her; she knew that, though he never said so—she knew he was only waiting until she gave him an opportunity to tell her so. And why should she not marry him and show Sidney he was wrong in supposing she ever cared for him! He should never know that. She would forget him in time. And then Philip loved her so. If she could only cease thinking of Sidney! But, with a great choking sob, she felt that she loved him more than ever—that for one loving word from his dear lips, one glance from his fond eyes, she would have imperilled her existence. But she must cease to think of him. Sidney was nothing to her—he was Blanche Marston's lover, and she would marry Philip. And so she changed her dress and smoothed her glorious hair, and went down to dinner with a flush on her cheeks and a brilliant light in her eyes that made her beauty dazzling, and, before the evening was over, Philip, emboldened by the unusual softness of her manner, and finding her in a shady recess of the drawing room, sitting by herself and gazing straight before her, told her the story of his love, in a few simple earnest words, and asked her to be his wife.

It was well for him that he never noticed, as, after her calm assent, he clasped her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers, the quick shudder that shook her whole frame. If he had, his heart would not have been so light nor his voice so joyous as he bade her good night and watched the graceful girl ascending the broad stairs and, without looking back at him, passing out of sight.

He stooped to pick up the little warm glove she had dropped and pressed it to his lips, and then he strolled out on to the terrace to have a cigar and to wonder what on earth he had done to deserve such luck.

And she was sobbing herself to sleep with Sidney's name on her lips and his image only in her heart.

* * * * *

Florence Greville's marriage-bells were ringing out merrily on the sweet spring air. She had put her hand in Philip Ashleigh's and vowed to love, honor, and obey him till death did them part.

The solemn words were spoken, and they were man and wife, and the happy pair departed on their wedding-tour; and when they were at the famous old city, Florence's namesake, a month afterwards, the news came to them of Blanche Marston's death. A cold she had caught at a ball, and thought nothing of at the time, had ended fatally.

"Poor darling!" Lady Ashleigh wrote. "She had been so gay and bright, entering with such shy happiness into the preparations for her marriage—for she had been engaged to Captain Lennox for some years before; and now she is lying in her grave, and her father and mother are almost heartbroken; and though Captain Lennox said little, all could see how he suffered. Such a blight on his life—just now too, when he has come into an immense fortune by the death of an aunt!"

"Poor fellow!" said Philip, laying down the letter and brushing his hand across his eyes, where tears of genuine sorrow and sympathy were shining. "How sorry I am for him, and for dear little Blanche too! She was almost like my sister. But until I heard of their engagement I never had an idea that Lennox cared for her. Indeed I had a suspicion at one time that he was fond of you, Flo."

His wife had risen from the breakfast-table, at which they had been seated while he was speaking, and was standing at the window with her back to him.

"I can tell you it was a relief to me when I found I was mistaken," he went on, joining her at the window and putting his arm around her waist.

"Blanche's death is very sad," she answered quietly passing over the latter part of his remark. "I quite feel as if I had known her, though I never saw her, and I am very sorry for poor Captain Lennox, Philip," she said softly. "Ought we not to be thankful we have each other? Oh, Philip," she went on, with a sob almost choking her voice, "if I were only good enough for you! If you had married some other woman who could have made you happy!" The tears were coming thick and fast, and her whole frame was shaking with suppressed sobs.

Philip was rather alarmed. Any trace of violent emotion was so very unusual in her that he was afraid she must be ill. So he soothed and caressed her as if she were a sick child, and at last persuaded her to lie down and try to sleep, while he went out and gratified his eager desire to do something for her by buying a variety of the most expensive and perfectly useless trifles he could find, and, having sent them home to her, his heart felt lighter than it had been since his marriage. His beautiful wife loved him! It was only his imagination that made him sometimes fear that her heart was not his. He must not be so suspicious again. Poor darling! To think of her saying she was not good enough for him—as if she were not the most perfect woman he had ever seen, and as if he were not the luckiest fellow on earth to have her for his wife! It was all the tiresome sight seeing, he was sure, that was making her so pale and languid. He would take her back to Ashleigh in the course of the following week, and the quiet and change would soon set her up again.

Florence heard of the proposed return with pleasure. She felt sure she would be happier at home and surrounded by what would interest her. So in the course of the ensuing week they quitted Florence, and shortly after arrived at Ashleigh Manor.

CHAPTER III.

THE London season is drawing to a close; the heat has been intense, and the hard-worked votaries of pleasure are beginning to long for fresh sea and mountain breezes, and to prepare for a flitting. Lady Lawrence's ball, which takes place to-night, is expected to be unusually brilliant, as it is looked upon as a last opportunity of meeting "everybody" before the final dispersion. The stately mansion in Park Lane is blazing with light and odorous with flowers; the strains of an inspiriting waltz are ringing through the spacious rooms; and Lady Lawrence, a fat, red-faced little woman blazing with diamonds and looking very much like her own cook, is talking volubly to an apparently endless stream of fresh arrivals.

"How beautiful Lady Ashleigh looks to-night!" says a languid young Guardsman to his partner.

"Do you think so?" is the reply. "Do you know, I never could admire her, she is so very pale."

The young lady who says this has no lack of color to complain of, while the unconscious object of these remarks is really looking wondrously beautiful. The sweeping robes of rich satin covered with delicate lace become her pale beauty right royally, and the shapely head crowned with flashing gems looks as stately as a queen's.

For a year past Sir Thomas has been dead, and Philip his son has succeeded him. He is standing beside his wife now, and, as he bends down to answer some remark she has made to him, his face is lighted with the same expression of perfect love and tender deference that shone on it in the early days of their engagement.

"You will be glad to hear that I expect Captain Lennox here to-night," Lady Lawrence comes up to say. "Until I saw him in the park a few days ago, I don't think he has ever been in London since that poor girl's death. I sent him a card at once. He was always such a favorite of mine. Ah, here he comes!"

And before Florence has time to think—has time to still the wild beating of her heart—she finds herself shaking hands with Sidney Lennox as quietly as if she parted from him on friendly terms the day before. Oh, will her heart never stop palpitating? She does not catch his eye—she thinks he hardly notices her. She does not know of the hungry gaze with which he has been eyeing her long before she knew of his presence.

He is answering Philip's eager questions, and she hears him say, in reply to a pressing invitation to Ashleigh—

"I thought I told you I had volunteered for Ashantee, and leave London to-morrow?"

"Are you a madman?" Philip asks. "Don't you know it is almost certain death to go to that awful place?"

"Well, if it is," is the reckless answer, "there are worse things in the world than certain death. Lady Ashleigh, will you give me the pleasure of this waltz?"

Mutely she bows her head. The words "certain death" are booming in her ears, and her lips are too parched to utter a word. And now they are floating along to the dreamy melody of one of Strauss's compositions, and a thrill of happiness goes through her as she feels that Sidney's arm is round her, that his hand is clasping hers, and his breath is on her cheek. But she remembers she is Philip's wife, and in a London ball-room of the nineteenth century, and so she is calm.

"You look pale," he says, after a time, "I am sure the heat is too much for you. Shall we go out on to the balcony? It is cool there."

It is very cool and quiet; the heavy curtains that separate it from the ball-room deaden the sound of voices, and only the sad sweet music of the waltz is heard distinctly, floating out into the quiet night.

"You did not expect to see me to-night?" he breaks the silence by saying, after a time.

She is sitting in a low easy chair, and he is standing before her. The words are common-place, and the voice is coldly polite; but the speaker's eyes are gazing at her with a different expression. She does not see them. Her head is bent down, her heart is repeating the words—"certain death." She has not heard his remark—at least she pays no attention to it; but, looking up suddenly, she asks him—

"Is it true what you said—that you are going to Ashantee?"

What is it in her face that changes his so completely? Does he read in her eyes an answer to what is burning in his own? Does he note the agitation she is vainly trying to conceal, the quivering lips, restless hand, and ashy cheeks?

He must, for his face softens visibly, and he bends towards her, when another thought seems to strike him, and he draws himself up with a hardening of every feature that is strange to see.

"Yes," he says, almost rudely; "it is quite true. To-morrow I bid farewell to England for ever."

"But why must you go?" is the low inquiry. She cannot help herself; some irresistible power is driving her on.

"Do you ask me that question?" he returns fiercely. "Do you want to put the finishing stroke to your work by assuming ignorance of what you have done?"

At his words she had risen and stands before him, her face as white as his own, and her dark eyes gazing at him in terrified amazement.

"What have I done?" she gasps. "Heaven knows it is I who ought to upbraid!"

"Do you venture to ask me what you have done," he answers hoarsely, "when you have wrecked my whole life—when to gratify your vanity you encouraged my mad infatuation for you, and then allowed me to find out by accident from your mother's letter that you were all the time engaged to the man who is now your husband? You are silent—you can't deny it. Oh, Florence, how could you do it? I think, if you knew what my life has been ever since, even your heart would be softened."

"But I do deny it," she answers as well as her trembling lips will let her. "Sidney, this is no time for reserve. You and I shall never see each other on earth after to-night, but will be as dead to each other as though the grave covered us; therefore for the sake of our future peace this fatal mystery must be cleared up. I swear to you solemnly I was never engaged to Philip Ashleigh until I heard of your love for Blanche Marston. It was hearing of that and thinking you never cared for me that almost drove me mad and made me accept Philip."

Her low clear voice has been quite steady up to this, but now it fails her, and, trembling violently, she sinks down on to her chair.

He is gazing at her with his whole soul in his eyes.

"Are you sure?" he asks. "Florence, you are not deceiving me this time? How can you account for your mother's letter to Mrs. Marston?"

"I can't account for it," she answers; "I have never heard of it before. You must be mistaken, Sidney. She never could have written anything so untrue."

She has risen again, and is standing beside him. Some of the pure glory of the distant stars seems to have fallen on her, and her face as she raises it to his is as the face of an angel.

"Sidney," she says softly, "think of that other man. You know how noble and unselfish he is. Think of his great despair if he should ever know what we know now, and for his sake let us bear patiently the cross that has been laid upon us."

A feeling almost of awe comes over him as he gazes upon her face. The heroic courage with which she accepts the hard lot that had been assigned to her nerves him to follow her example, and he bows his head in mute obedience to her desire. She lays her hand lightly on his short curls.

"Heaven bless you, Sidney!" she murmurs, with an irrepressible sob choking her voice; and then silently they return to the ball-room, and are met by Philip coming to tell her that the carriage is waiting, and they are soon home.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now a fierce struggle is waging on the pestilent coast of Africa, and England's dignity and rights are being asserted at the cost of the life-blood of her brave sons; and wives and mothers are waiting at home in helpless sickening suspense; with blanched cheeks and throbbing hearts scanning daily the latest news from the seat of war, not knowing but that a few more days may bring them the intelligence that their loved ones have perished by the savage fury of the enemy, or that enemy's deadly friend—the climate.

And so the battle of Amoaful is fought, and one morning Philip reads the name of Sidney Lennox in the list of killed. There are no particulars as to how he died; doubtless there was no staunch friend to clasp his hand or to speak words of encouragement in his ear and receive his last message to those dear to him. There was no loving woman to soothe his last agony and close his eyes for ever.

So the months go on; and one evening Florence's husband, who left her that morning in health and strength, is brought home to her dead. His horse had reared and fallen back on him, and death has been instantaneous. She has never known how dear Philip was to her until now as she sits sobbing beside his coffin.

Can that be Philip who is lying there, as heedless of her presence as if she were miles away—Philip, who never met her without a loving word or look? Can that pale, still form indued with an awful majesty be the same laughter-loving Philip she married?

She wonders idly, as she sits beside him, if he would remain so quiet did any great danger assail her, she whom in life he always guarded so jealously from every harm. She reflects how he devoted his whole life to making hers happy—how she had always been the queen of his heart, his only love; and now he is lying before her, but hers no longer. He has travelled the dark journey, has fathomed the great mystery that our best loved ones never come back to tell us, and left her behind.

The funeral is over, the will has been read, and the dry business details have all been arranged. The grand old Manor has passed away to a distant cousin, and the widow has removed away to a quiet seaside town, a place she remembers having visited with her father in her childhood, and to which her heart turns fondly in these dark lonely days. It is a quiet unfashionable little place, and the beach is frequented only by a few invalids, nursemaids, and children.

Florence spends most of her time on the beach. The soft dreamy murmur of the sparkling waves breaking on the shore soothes her, and the calm unbroken routine of her life, filled up as it is with little loving offices and acts of charity in behalf of the sick and sorrowing, is bringing a healing balm to her spirit; and she feels she will not have long to wait till she can rejoin her loved ones in the land where there is no night.

* * * * * *

It is Sunday evening, and the church-bells are pealing out over the sunlit landscape and gently heaving sea. The sun is sinking, clothed in a gorgeous mantle of crimson and gold, and his expiring beams bathe the quiet scene in a halo of glory.

The music of the bells sounds sweetly in Florence's ears as she bends her steps slowly towards the church; but she suddenly starts violently as her eyes catch sight of a tall figure on the path before her. Good Heavens, is she dreaming? Who is that?

If there could be such a thing as the dead coming back to earth, she would say that was Sidney Lennox. But he is dead—buried in a foreign land, she will never see him on earth again. Yes, she will—she see him! He is looking down into her face, he is holding her hands in his, his dear voice is sounding in her ears!

"Florence my darling, you are faint—lean on me."

For a few minutes everything is blotted out of her remembrance; and then she awakes slowly to what sounds like glad music. Surely those are the everlasting harps, and she has passed through the golden gates. No, it is only the church-bells, still ringing out their loud summons to prayer, and this is Sidney on whom she leans. He was not killed, but his name was mistaken for another Captain Lennox, who lost his life in the terrible war. All this he tells her as they pace along in the gray shadowy twilight.

"And I thought, Florence," he adds, "when there flashed across me the wrong conclusion that every one would come to, that it would be better to let them remain in ignorance of my existence. I had no wish to revisit England, so I set out on a pilgrimage half over the world. But I was not as brave as I thought; do what I would, the memory of my darling's sweet face and the yearning to see it again overcame every scruple, and I felt myself irresistibly drawing homewards, and arrived in London two days ago, where I heard for the first time of all that had happened in my absence."

And so again he clasps her in his arms, and for the first time presses a long kiss on her lips; and then, in a happiness too deep to be broken by words, they stand by the murmuring moonlit sea together, as they will be in the long years that stretch before them—together through sunshine and shade, never more to be parted.

Surely, if heaviness has endured for a night, great joy has come in the morning.

SONGS UNSUNG.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song:
For song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was, before it took a voice,
Waiting since the world was young
For the poet of its choice.
Oh, if any waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatsoever they impart:
Sorrows sent by them are sweet
They know how—near the heart!
Ay, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain

What are my white hairs forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth—
Try me, merry Muses, now.
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young:
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
Oh, my son, that is to be;
Sing my songs, and think of me!

The Last Sixpence.

BY MARIAN NORTHCOTT.

"I KNOW, mother dear, you would not feel happy if you could not contribute your mite," said the pale faced girl of twenty, pressing into her aged companion's hand the sixpence which constituted all the monetary wealth they possessed. "There's quite enough bread and butter and tea for breakfast in the morning, and if I get up very early, as I mean to do, I shall have finished Mrs. Smith's dress by three o'clock, and she's sure to pay me directly I take it to her."

"But we've no candle or firing in the house."

"Don't you trouble about that; when we come back from church it'll be quite time for hard-working folks like us to go to bed; so that we sha'n't want a light, and our landlady will lend us a shovelful of coals for to morrow; so don't say anything more, but take the sixpence and come along, for the church bells have almost ceased."

For a few seconds the aged woman hesitated between her charitable inclinations and solicitude for the orphan girl who called her 'mother;' but looking earnestly into her companion's face, and finding written there the same desire that predominated within her own breast, she placed the coin in her pocket.

Without a word more on either side, the two females quitted the room they occupied, and proceeded through the narrow streets teeming with human beings to the church, whither the bells had invited them.

To nearly every depth it is said there is a deeper still; but Mrs. Willis and her protege, Lucy Marks, were certainly among the poorest in that very poor district.

Adversity makes us acquainted with strange companions, and Alfred Willis, when he quitted England two years previously to seek his fortune in Australia, little dreamt that the comfortable home in which he had left his mother and betrothed wife would have been so soon broken up, and that by slow but sure degrees they would have sunk to the poverty they now experienced.

From the age of fourteen Lucy had been able to earn her own living, so that when Alfred, after losing nearly all his capital, gave up the grocery business he had been deluded into taking, his only anxiety was a provision for his mother. The £3,500 he had left when he was clear of his business he, in a too confiding moment, lent to a man in whom he trusted to the utmost, with directions that the interest therefrom must be paid to his mother; but ere Alfred had reached his journey's end his friend was a bankrupt, and Mrs. Willis was penniless.

Troubles seldom come singly, so just at this time Lucy was seized with rheumatic fever, and for six months was unable to touch her needle.

They were alone in the world, for Lucy was an orphan, and Mrs. Willis, whilst having no relatives of her own, knew nothing of her late husband's family, who years before had founded a home in another land.

Rapidly their few worldly possessions were disposed of, until at last they were glad to find shelter in the small—the very small—front room they now occupied.

They had heard several times from the much loved Alfred, but owing to the uncertainty of his movements they had not been able to reply, so that he knew nothing of the misfortunes that had befallen them. His last letter was a bright, cheerful epistle, full of hope, announcing that he was now far better circumstanced than when he left England, that he had a grand surprise in store for them, and that he intended returning home by the Juno, the next steamer leaving Melbourne.

To crown their sorrows, a month before his expected return news came that the Juno had foundered in mid ocean—some dozen men, among whom Alfred Willis was not included, alone surviving to tell the sad tale.

What a sweet relief was it to enter the portal of God's house, and leave behind them the crowded streets and the mob of listless loiterers and frivolous pleasure seekers! Outside all was noise, bustle, and confusion; within, a peaceful calm, broken only by the silvery tones of the aged minister, as in simple earnest language he pleaded a cause very dear to his heart.

The Sunday service was the one relaxation Mrs. Willis and her adopted daughter enjoyed; wet or fine they were never absent; and on occasions such as the present, when relief for certain purposes in connection with their religion was asked for, the plate was never handed to them in vain. Never, however, in their recent experiences of poverty had their circumstances been so low as now. Lucy for the past month had been unable to perform her usual quantity of work, so that the wage fund upon which the two women solely relied had diminished to a corresponding extent, until their sole remaining coin was the sixpence the disposal of which formed the subject of discussion ere they left home.

The vicar was well acquainted with the resources of his congregation, and knew they could not contribute much to the cause he pleaded; but, as he remarked, they might at least give a portion to God's service and that the widow's mite tendered willingly was dearer in His sight that the gold grudgingly contributed by the wealthy. But even at this appeal, when Mrs. Willis observed the hectic flush upon Lucy's cheek, and noted how the exertion of even walking to the church told upon her, she felt half inclined to harden her heart in favor of her young companion, and to keep the last sixpence in her pocket. But Lucy read Mrs. Willis's thought, and whispering in her ear the words "God will provide," the money was given up in a trice, and the old lady's heart leaped for joy at the self sacrifice which had been accomplished.

"Now, mother," said Lucy, when they got within sight of their abode, "we won't sit up in the dark talking, so as to lose the glow our walk has produced, but go straight to bed, as I must be up early."

Lounging against the door-post, with his hands in his pockets, and surveying the outer world as well as he could through the clouds of tobacco smoke he was diffusing, was the person whom Mrs. Willis and Lucy owned as their landlord.

"There's a gen'elman been here asking for you," he observed to Mrs. Willis, with a tug at his pipe at almost every word, "and said as how he wanted you partic'ler. You see what you lose by going to church. He left a note, I think, for you upstairs. I didn't speak to him myself, but my old 'oman did, and if you want to see her you'll find her at the Red Lion, in the jug-bar."

As neither Mrs. Willis nor Lucy had any wish to seek their landlady in such a place, they borrowed a candle from a lodger, who was not quite so badly off as themselves, in order to read the note said to have been left in their room.

"I'm afraid it's from Mrs. Smith, mother," said Lucy. "If so, it's a blowing up, for I told her I'd make an effort to have her dress done for her by last night; and, as you know, I did my best."

If the room in which they lived looked uninviting in the daytime, it appeared far more dismal when viewed by the depressing light of a tallow candle. But the residents were pretty well used to the aspect of the place, and therefore devoted their attention to the note directly. The flickering flame revealed it lying upon the table. Lucy held the candle and took the note; but no sooner did her eyes rest upon it than she turned to an ashy paleness, and leant against her companion for support.

"Mother, mother!" she gasped, "I cannot trust my eyes. Read, read—and quickly!"

Mrs. Willis seized the slip of paper, but her eyes saw the same handwriting and the same words as Lucy:

"Don't go to bed until you've seen
ALFRED."

Without a word the two women wound their arms around each other, and wept tears of silent joy; for unless some villainous trick had been practiced upon them, he who had for years been the cherished darling of their hearts had been given back to them once more.

Ay, and was in the room even now, as he quickly let them know, when he thought their agitation had somewhat abated, and that he could safely emerge from the hiding ing place he had sought beneath the bed. Hearing from the residents of the house in which he left his mother and his betrothed that they deemed him dead, and fearing the effect his sudden appearance might have upon them, he had left the note within their sight, in order to announce the fact of his existence as gently as he could; whilst the frequent visits made to the Red Lion by their landlord and landlady gave him opportunity for secretly returning to the house, and seeking a hiding place where he could watch the effect of his ruse.

The compassionate fellow lodger who had lent Lucy the candle waited a long time ere it was returned, indeed, as a matter of fact, that particular illuminating medium was not returned at all, for it had nearly burnt itself out ere any one remembered that it had been borrowed; but really there was every excuse, for Alfred had so much to tell: how at first he had been unfortunate in Australia; how, in a fit of desperation, he had resolved to try the diggings, and was wonderfully successful, getting in less than six months some nuggets that realised him $10,000; how he resolved not to take his money with him on board the Juno, but have it sent over on some future occasion; how, when the steamer foundered, he had managed to secure himself to a broken spar and after forty-eight hours' exposure had been picked up by a passing vessel; and finally, the difficulty he had had in finding his mother and betrothed in their new abode.

Then, with tears in their eyes and a smile upon their lips, they told him of the disposal of their last sixpence, and of their confiding trust in Him who, after a night of sorrow, sendeth joy in the morning. And truly their sorrow had passed away even as a tale that is told.

JACK AND JOHN.

THE colloquial form of John, in modern English is Jack, and this simple little word has been a great stone of stumbling to many philologists. One after another they have gone on repeating that Jack is the Anglicised equivalent of Jacques, which, of course, represents the Jacob of the Old Testament and the James of the New—the Giacomo, Iago or Jakob of sundry European languages. But how could John and James thus become confused together? The sceptical had many doubts upon this point; but the weight of authority bore them down and having no better to offer, they acquiesced. Quite recently, however, an indefatigable scholar, has shown that the real origin of Jack is something very different. We all know the common diminutive words, pipkin, manikin, and wifekin. Now, the same diminutive termination was commonly added in Middle English times to the names of persons. Thus from Simon we get Simkin; from Thomas, Tomkin; from Walter, Watkin, from Lawrence, Larkin. Similarly, from John we have the pet names Jonkin and Jankin.

Malekin also sometimes stands as the diminutive of Mary, being altered from Marikin just like our modern Molly, though in earlier times a very similar form stood as the shorter dress of the Norman Matilda; while Janekin, of course, represents the name from John. Thus, even at this early date, John and Mary were already the typical English names, which might be used generically, and they had already formed recognized diminutives, one of which leads us gradually on to our modern Jack. For such forms as Jankin are far too hard for nursery pronunciation, and so we find them cut down to Jocky, Jacky, and finally to Jack.

A FAMOUS SNUFF BOX.

THERE was recently exhibited at two of the London clubs a box which belongs to the Past Overseer's Society of the Parishes of St. Margaret and St John, Westminster, called "The Westminster Tobacco Box." This box or rather the original—for it is composed of no fewer than seven boxes in one, and the box is the smallest of them all—was only an ordinary horn "baccy" box, the gift of the Overseer of St. Margaret's to the convivial club to which he then belonged in the year 1713. The members were delighted with the gift, and recorded their appreciation by a silver rim affixed to it in 1820. This little bit of silver appears to have worked wonders, for every successive parochial officer of St. Margaret's or St. John's also affixed a silver plate and rim, the subject being of either parochial or national interest, and when the box became covered other boxes were built around it, so that at the present time, to the ordinary oval box, four and a half inches long by three and three quarters of an inch inside depth and thirteen and one quarter inches round, six other boxes have been added, the last being octagonal in shape, about five feet round and three feet high. While the first or original box only weighs some ten ounces, the last weighs nearly half a hundred pounds, the whole seven weighing twice as much. Each silver plate represents some parochial or national event of interest which has occurred during the year of office of the donors; the first of the series being a representation of the battle of Culloden in 1746—a design, it is said, by Hogarth; and the last three the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, the erection of the Cleopatra Needle, and the loss of the steamboat Princess Alice, the cases thus representing at one view one hundred and thirty-two years of national history.

All female students of Cornell not boarding with relatives in Ithica will hereafter be obliged to take rooms in the same college, where a matron will have general charge.

Mlle. Adelaide Montgolfier, a daughter of the inventor of balloons, is now 89 years old, and said to be very wealthy.

GOLD MAKING.

THE first traces of gold-making—or, to speak more respectfully of it, alchemy, or the hermetic or spagiric art—appear to be of Egyptian origin; and a fabulous Hermes Trismegist or is said to have been the founder of it, about two thousand years before the birth of Christ. But the earliest distinct accounts of it date from the fourth century of our era. The art came from the Egyptians to the Greeks and Alexandrians, and subsequently to the Arabs. In the thirteenth century it was already diffused in Spain, France, England, and Germany; and in 1700 it was pursued elsewhere, although becoming more and more suspected and attacked by the science of chemistry, then budding forth.

The most important point in the alchemical creed was, that there existed a substance having the power of converting the base metals into gold; this substance was called Philosopher's Stone, the Great Elixer, or Magisterium, and of course the first object was to make this. Wonders were not wanting respecting this stone: it was also a universal medicine, and made old young again. Other qualities of the stone are also mentioned, and it is certainly a praiseworthy characteristic, that when only an inferior sort was obtained, incapable of making gold, it still had the power of producing a transformation into silver.

But how was this wonderful stone obtained: from what materials, and how was it fabricated? In the full descriptions of the mode of preparing it, numerous preparatory processes are mentioned. Thus a philosophic quicksilver, or mercury, must be made, and also a philosophic gold. These are mixed and exposed to a gentle heat, in vessels of a particular form; they then yield a black substance, called the raven's head; a continuation of the heat caused this substance to assume a white color, and it was now called the white swan; and if the heat were kept up, the substance would become yellow, and finally red, and then the stone was made to its highest perfection.

Alchemical literature is very rich, and the science itself—if science it can be called—was chiefly studied by physicians and monks; and found ready believers and patrons among princes, especially among those who could spend money.

In the thirteenth century Alphonso X, King of Castile, was called an alchemist; Henry IV, of England, issued several decrees encouraging the study of gold-making, in order to obtain means to pay the debts of the State. Edward IV, of England, in 1416, accorded to a company a four years privilege of making gold from quicksilver. The Emperor Rudolph, who ascended the throne of Germany in 1756, was an especially active patron of the art, as was also the Elector Augustus of Saxony. At the same time there were others who did not lay so much stress on the matter; and Pope Leo X, to whom an alchemist, Augurelli, dedicated a poem on gold making, sent the latter, in recognition, an empty purse, with the intimation that a man who was master of such an art could only be in want of a purse to receive the gold he made.

In the commencement of the seventeenth century, societies were formed for gold making; among them was the brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, which endured for more than a hundred years, and counted members in Germany, Holland, France, England, and Italy. Of the Nuremberg Academical Society the celebrated philosopher, Leibnitz, was an active member.

Now, although there are sufficient examples of gold being made in which no deceit could be discovered or which no one was able to expose, there are incomparably more cases in which deceit was exposed. The fate usually undergone by those who were convicted of deceit, was that of being hung up in a dress covered with tinsel; others, from whose art something was expected to be gained, were seized and shut up. Even as late as 1746, a supposed alchemist, named Schield, was imprisoned and tortured by orders of the Empress Maria Theresa, to make him disclose his mystery.

Some of the long gloves worn for evenings are laced up instead of buttoned, thus allowing the wrist and arm of the gloves to be fitted to almost any size. They have a very simple arrangement for lacing without the use of eyelet holes.

When General James Simons was buried in Charleston, S. C., the other day, there was borne in the procession a flag with which the father of the deceased charged in Colonel Washington's regiment, at Cowpens and Eutaw Springs.

An old Vermonter offered a widow $1,000 to marry him, and she accepted; but, on seeing her daughter he recanted, and offered $2,000 for the younger woman. A breach of breach of promise suit is the result.

One of the crack restaurants at Berlin, the proprietor of which has failed, reveals a creditor who has created a sensation by sending in his bill of 2,300 francs for horse-flesh supplied.

Our Young Folks.

TOO SURE OF SUCCESS.

BY E. J.

"QUITE absurd of Miss Anderson to give Tortoise the chance of blundering over 'The May Queen' on examination day," exclaimed Rose Heathcote. "Of course it's easy enough for any of us three, but she ought not to be made equal with us in this kind of way, and I only wonder mamma allows it."

"It's all one to me," said easy going Laura Farrar, who was a near neighbor of the Heathcotes, and came in daily to study with them. "I hate poetry, and know I shall have no chance against you, as to all the feeling and tenderness Miss Anderson says we are to throw into our repetition of 'The May Queen,' it is quite out of my line. I can learn the words correctly enough, I dare say, but according to Miss Anderson, that is not everything."

"No, I should think not," said Julia, Rose's younger sister, in tones of considerable indignation; "surely it must be impossible to read or repeat 'The May Queen' without feeling how beautiful it is; and as for Amy, our poor little Tortoise, why should not she have a chance? It will wake her up a little, and I think it is very nice and kind of Miss Anderson to let her see that she does not think her such a dunce as you would make her out."

* * * * *

Poor little Amy Marsden, the Tortoise alluded to, was cousin to Rose and Julia Heathcote. Her parents were in India, and she had been placed under her aunt's care when she was about five years old, now nearly five years ago.

She was a gentle loving little creature, not so clever as her cousins, but then she was very persevering and painstaking, and those are qualities not to be despised.

Of course she was not nearly so advanced as the others, for Rose Heathcote and Laura Farrar were just upon thirteen, and Julia only a year younger. Moreover, they had not had delicate health, and poor little Tortoise (a name they had given her because she was apt to be slow and deliberate about things), until the last year or two, had been always more or less ailing.

As we have already heard, great was the annoyance Rose felt, and plainly declared, when, about six weeks before the Christmas holidays Miss Anderson, their daily governess, told them it was her wish that they should learn and repeat 'The May Queen' at the end of the term, and that Mrs. Heathcote had promised to give a prize to the one whom she judged had, according to her ability, studied it most carefully and correctly.

At first Amy would have given a great deal to have been thought too young to compete with the others, but after a while hope dawned in her timid little heart, and by dint of learning a few lines regularly every day she began to think she might stand a fair chance of not utterly disgracing herself.

Her aunt just then was rather an invalid, and obliged to keep her room, and thither Amy would thankfully flee from the noise of the schoolroom, and Mrs. Heathcote was well pleased to give her anxious little niece all the assistance in her power.

Gladly, too, would she have helped the others had they desired it, but she saw Rose was so perfectly confident in her own powers, and so sure of success, that for her of course she could do nothing. Laura, all agreed, would be sure to learn it pretty correctly, but would probably make a mess of it notwithstanding. Julia was industrious and idle by turns, one day committing half a dozen verses to memory, and then putting by the book for days, and apparently forgetting about it altogether, so that before the 10th of December, the day appointed, she was feeling her chances of success were not very promising.

Rose had assumed an air of cool contempt towards poor unoffending Amy.

Ronald Heathcote, who was a year older than Amy, and who by this time had returned home for the holidays, saw his elder sister's unkindness, and constituted himself his cousin's champion and protector.

"I'll coach her, you disagreeable girl," he remarked to Rose. "I'll read her, I'll guide her in the flowery paths of poesy, till you, my dear young friend, will have to regret finding yourself nowhere."

"Ronald," exclaimed Julia, "pray don't cram Amy's head with such absurdities—a pretty teacher you would make!"

"My dear," retorted her brother, "she could never have a better, may you never have a worse."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Amy, laughing. "I don't know where I should be if I followed your teaching in this instance, Ronald."

The eventful day arrived at last. The examination was to take place at three o'clock in the afternoon, and, to the great delight of the little party, Mrs. Heathcote was well enough to join them in the library. Mrs. Farrar, too, was present, and Laura, being the eldest, was the first called upon. Her mother knew her prosaic tendencies and utter distaste for every kind of poetry, and therefore was not surprised at the exceedingly tame and jog-trot way in which she both commenced and ended her task; the words, indeed, she repeated pretty correctly, but to use her own words, that was about all.

But it was worse than that with Rose, who in her pride and self sufficiency had not even commenced her study of 'The May Queen' till within the last fortnight, and then as the holidays were drawing near, there were various repetitions and other examinations to take place, so that she had then comparatively little time to give to it. It was not, however, till quite at the last that she had any real fear of not achieving the victory of which till then she had felt certain, but it was too late then for her endeavors to be of any avail.

The first part she got through pretty fairly, but the second was so stammeringly commenced, and proved so incorrectly learned, that, after a few verses, her courage entirely failed, and tears of vexation and annoyance filled her eyes; then feeling that she could bear it no longer she rushed from the room, and threw herself upon her bed in an agony of shame and distress.

Julia certainly fared better than her sister, though her repetition was not perfect, and she required frequent promptings. It was evident she might have done better, but application by fits and starts can never be successful, so she retired to her seat, very doubtful whether, after all, the Tortoise might not acquit herself better than she had done.

And now came Amy's turn; very timid and fearful she certainly was, but she had so thoroughly mastered, not only the words of her task, but its sense also, that the first natural feeling of hesitation over, she was able to put aside all nervousness, and her recital of the poem was both correct and full of taste and feeling, showing how fully she had entered into its spirit and appreciated its beauties.

There could be no doubt as to whom the prize would be awarded, and in a few moments after she had finished, her aunt, with kind words of praise, and a tender kiss, placed in her hands an exquisite edition of Tennyson's works.

Half bewildered, but yet proud to have merited the prize, she gratefully thanked her kind donor, though her sensitive little heart felt sorry for the others, and especially for Rose, whose disappointment she knew would be most keen, indeed, she almost dreaded seeing her just at present, for she could not help fearing she would be angry at her success.

It was not so however. Mrs. Heathcote spent half an hour with Rose, sympathized heartily with her in her disappointment, and then she spoke very seriously about her behavior to Amy.

"I see my conduct in all its hatefulness now, dear mother," said the weeping girl, "and that I fully deserve the punishment I have received, but do not fear longer for me; I will ask Amy's forgiveness, and for the future I am quite sure I shall value myself less and her more."

A few minutes before the tea-bell rang, as Amy was sitting alone over the schoolroom fire, the door opened, and Rose entering, advanced slowly towards her.

"Amy," she said, "I have come to ask your pardon for my unkindness, and to tell you I am really glad you have won the prize which you so thoroughly deserve; perhaps if I had remembered the fable of 'The hare and the tortoise,'" she added, somewhat sadly, "things might have turned out differently."

Amy grateful for her altered tone and kindly words, almost felt that she ought to beg forgiveness for being possessor of the treasure for which she knew Rose had longed but she did not dare to say more than that she wished, oh, so heartily, that all could have had it, and then they sat down side by side to examine the volume, and Rose's feeling of jealousy towards her little cousin passed away that evening for ever.

From that time there was a thoroughly good understanding in the little schoolroom party and the "Hare" and "Tortoise," as they generally called each other, were the best and closest of friends.

A novel question for lawyers is on trial at San Francisco. Can a man be forbidden to alter his will before he dies? A man and his wife, by mutual agreement, two years ago each made a separate agreement and separate bequests, depending on contingencies in case of death. The woman died and the man lives. At his death, according to his will, her relatives would inherit considerable estate of which he is now sole owner on record. He has taken a dislike to his wife's relations and threatens to alter or destroy his will and disinherit them. Hence they seek to enjoy him from doing so.

Slade, the spiritualist who set the old town of London agog a year or so ago, has arrived in San Francisco by an Australian steamer.

Cerebrations.

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PERCY VERE.

BY SKEEZIKS.

Near the billowy Pacific,
Where the breezes are vivific,
And the breeze are terrific—
Ally tall;
Where night air is not morbific,
But peculiarly somnific:
W[illegible]re is dog, from anti petrific
Wherewithal,
Where the surges cerulific,
(Which, if swallowed, are alecific,)
Dash against rocks, sonorific
In a gale,
Where great mastodons horrific,
Once [illegible]f not pacific,
Are unearthed by a scientific
Men from Yale,
Where to season calorific
E'er brings weather andorific;
Where, in fact, it is algific
In July,
Where the Kearneyites damnific
Plan devices deleterific
To the Chinaman sacrific;
Where Bill Nye
Gave Ah Sin a "soporific,"
In the shape of kicks magnific,
(Which soon rendered him so stiff he c—
Couldn't hear.)
Lies a region beatific,
Where resides a most prolific
Puzzler. NAME—to be specific—
PERCY VERE.

ANSWERS

No. 153. BARNSTABLE.

No. 154.
H A T
A V E
M E N
A N D
T O O
E R N

No. 155. BAGDAD.

No. 156.
P A S S I M
A L C E D O
S C O R E S
S E R I A L
I D E A T E
M O S L E M

No. 157.
P
R A N
R E B E L
P A B U L A R
M E L L Y
L A Y
E

No. 158. BEE-EATER

No. 159.
S I R C A R
R U C C A L
B R E V E T
A M B E I A
E L E G I T

No. 160.
D E S P O T
C O S S A S
S I G N E T
D E T A I L
S A U C E R
C U L L I S

No. 161. MAJESTY—A JEST.

No. 162.
Z
G U M
M O M O T
G O B B L E R
Z U M B O O R U K
M O L O S S E
T E R S E
M U M
E

No. 163.
B L E S S E D
A Y E A Y E S
C E N T E R E D
D E L I V E R
R E V E R E S
T E R M I O N
S E E N J O Y

No. 164. THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

No. 165.
V
C A D
C O E R D
C O S I P E R
C O N C E R T E D
V A R I E G A T I O N
D E F R A Y I N G
D E T A I L S
R E I N S
D O G
N

No. 166. SQUARE.

1. To sweat. 2. To scratch. 3. A walking stick. 4. Custom. 5. A principle.

Quartyville, N. Y. G. O. METRICAL.

No. 167. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 10 letters is a plant.
The 1, 2, 3, 4 is extreme.
The 4, 5, 6, 7 is the coffee tree.
The 1, 5, 10 is to knit.

Ironton, Mo. T. A. E.

No. 168. OCTAGON.

1. The point of a spear. 2. Tired. 3. A white resin. 4. Fatty. 5. Dethroned. 6. A rich tapestry hanging at the back of an altar. 7. A boy's nickname.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 169. CHARADE.

A man's LAST for public Boston,
His through-train's FIRST always lost on,
When his wife doth him ask
For a nice TOTAL basque,
He says they're too costly in Boston.

San Francisco, Cal. COMET.

No. 170. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. A tree. 3. A North American shrub. 5. A bar used in dressing cloth. 4. A fish. 6. Oyster shells. 6. An animal.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. To perch. 4. The track of a deer. 5. A storming. 6. Direction. 7. To comb. 8. A stringed instrument. 9. The hook on the end of an eccentric bar opposite the strap. 10. Stop. 11. A letter.

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 171. QUADRUPLE CROSSWORDS.

In cold winter mornings but not in the days,
In the nightingale's song but not in the jay's,
In the school teacher's rule but not in the whip,
In an elegant steamboat but not in a ship,
A pithy old saying applied to a few,
I hope 'mongst the number I'll find none of you.

Lexington, Ky. FLEWY ANN.

No. 172. DIAMOND.

ACROSS:—1. A letter. 2. Supplied. 3. A medicine. 4. A facial deformity. 5. Allowed. 6. Discussed. 7. Driveled. 8. To unite. 9. A letter.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A tray. 3. A Jewish habit. 4. Part of a saddle. 5. Produced. 6. Enlarged. 7. Quoted. 8. A basket. 9. A letter.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 173. CHARADE.

There lived an OWLD FIRST in Rondout,
Who his LAST took whene'er he went out;
He reached home one night
About twelve o'clock "light"—
He trembled though he had drunk Stout.

Some time to get in he expends,
He stares up the stairs, then ascends.
He arrives at his room
And a Candle-like doom—
By experience he apprehends.

"Oh! DOUBLE YOU ELEGANT man
The nights that you spend with your clan,
You old WHOLE, why not stay
A few hours more away"—
His better-half to him began.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 174. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Seven letter words.)

1. Mixed with. 2. A valley of Judea. 3. Having no toes or fingers. 4. To tinge with vermilion. 5. Belonging to a peninsula of the Old World. 6. A trumpet. 7. Calms.

FEMALS: An unmarried person. FINALS:—Great weights.

Camden, N. J. QUIPS.

No. 175. CROSS WORD.

In muscle not in bone,
In marble not in stone,
In rodent not in rat,
In feline not in cat,
In lion not in roar,
In tiger not in boar,
In coward not in foe,
A bracelet, WHOLE you see.

Camden, N. J. TRASHER.

No. 176. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. A genus of trees. 2. Fox-sharks. 3. Bordered. 4. Looking obliquely. 5. Resembling milk. 6. Government. 7. A game.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. A fish. 4. A bird. 5. An animal. 6. To sustain. 7. Sleeves. 8. To form land into ridges. 9. A Latin proper name. 10. Contiguous. 11. An adverb. 12. In the compass box. 13. A letter.

West Meriden, Conn. GRAHAM.

No. 177. ANAGRAM.

THE DULL MAN ON PUZZLES, I.

Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No. 178. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Intervening. 3. Prevailed. 4. Certain animals. 5. Records. 6. Consisting of fibres. 7. Trusting. 8. A small tooth. 9. A stand or table. 10. A worm. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for SECOND BEST list.
3. The MODERN SPHINX one year for THIRD BEST list.
4. The WEARY KNIGHT one year for FOURTH best list.

SOLVERS

Correct solutions of April 19th were solved by Gil Bias, Skeezicks, Davy Crockett, Nic O'Demus, A. Weary Knight, Maud Lynne Landreth, Captain Cottle, The Parrot, Tar-all Andres, O. C. O. Le, Wm. Wilwayt, Trailden, T. A. E., Effendi, Percy Vere, Goose Quill.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Gil Bias, - - - Washington, D. C.
2. Jarep, - - - - New York City.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS

Nic O'Demus's Hidden Proverb and Charade. Bay Point Lighthouse's Square and Half Square. Rev. J. M. Lowell's Square. Skeezicks's Combined Triple Acrostic. Al. G. Pha's Proverb and Charade. Dora Chester's Numerical and Worlds Square. Asian's Square, two Charades, two Logogriphs, Double Cross Words and Cryptograph. Jarep's Cryptograph, Square, two Double Cross Words and Cryptograph.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RETMEG—The [illegible] of the MYSTIC KNIGHT is a GREATER success than any of its predecessors.

NIC O'DEMUS—Dear Nic, my boy,
We read with joy.
Your charming Rhymes and letters
[illegible]
We can't get THEM—
Unless we steal our Peters.
AL G. PHA—We [illegible] your X Y Z,
Is just as plain as A B C.
ASIAN—[illegible]
And very neat.
That is the way to do it.
If [illegible]
And [illegible]
They surely will excuse it.
RALPH R. A. K.—[illegible] thanks.
REV. J. MIN.—Your [illegible] are all O. K.
Soon [illegible] the Sphinx [illegible] away.
DORA CHESTER—You are the first [illegible] in the old Play-state [illegible] not [illegible] accepted.
TRAILDEN—[illegible] friend of [illegible] fame.
[illegible]
Press [illegible] and Wilkins will—
[illegible]
FATHER—You have [illegible] and pass-words and we recognize you as an [illegible] of the third year.
WM. WILWAYT—You [illegible] are all correct.
BY PEN—Of a [illegible] we [illegible] them out,
You are the one to have about.
Your handsome Diamond and the Squares,
Have made us happy 'mid our cares.
CRYPTOGRAPHERS—There has been a hurricane around here [illegible] left to sit upon [illegible] a few rabbits [illegible] and may perhaps return "reconstructed."
So send them along with the rest of the lot
And mark you [illegible] do not forget.
You must make them correct for if you do not
They will go in the W. B.

MY LOVE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

My love is a rose, she knows
That fairer none ever grow;
She shames the loveliest rose
That sparkles in the dew.

My love is a dove, my love
Flies softly to her mate;
And the love of my gentle dove
For her love will ne'er abate.

My love is a queen, I ween,
A royal queen of hearts,
And the crown of my little queen
Is the love that her love imparts.

Then rose, and dove, and queen,
Come where you dwell alone;
In the breast of your love, unseen
Your tree, and nest, and throne.

STRANGE EXPERIMENTS.

WHEN one of Pizarro's warriors received an ugly wound from a spear, the Spanish leech took off the knight's coat of mail, put it upon an Indian prisoner, put him on a horse, and drove a spear through the hole in the armor. Giving the Indian his quietus, the surgeon opened his body, and seeing that the heart was not injured by the spear thrust, concluded the knight's hurt was not mortal: so he treated it as a common wound, and soon set the patient on his legs again. A similar method of diagnosis was practiced by the French surgeons when the eye of Henry the Second was pierced by a splinter. In order to arrive at a knowledge of the injury inflicted, they cut off the heads of four condemned men, and thrust splinters into the eyes at the same inclination as that at which the fatal sliver had entered the king's eye.

It was common enough to utilize criminals in this way in the olden days. In the sixteenth century the college of Montpellier was allowed one criminal a year to dissect alive. Doctors were never so highly favored as that in England, although the Barbers' Company and the Society of Surgeons were, by act of Parliament, once privileged to receive an annual allowance of four bodies of executed criminals between them; and so late as 1831 we read in the Gentleman's Magazine that there was great talk about an experiment that was to be made upon a malefactor in Newgate, reprieved for the occasion.

A famous surgeon, having, by frequent experiments on dogs, discovered that opening the windpipe would prevent the fatal consequences of the halter, undertook a noted highwayman, and made an incision in his widepipe; the effect of which was, that when he stopped his mouth, nostrils and ears for some time, air enough came through the cavity to continue life. When he was hanged he was perceived to be alive after all the rest were dead; and when he had been hung three quarters of an hour, being carried to a house in the Tyburn Road, he opened his mouth several times and groaned, and a vein being opened, bled freely. It was thought if he had been cut down five minutes sooner he might have recovered.

Sir Humphrey Davy was once tempted into playing an amusing practical joke by way of testing the curative power of the imagination. When the properties of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddoes, jumping to the conclusion that it must be a specific for paralysis, chose a subject upon whom to try it, and Sir Humphrey consented to administer the gas. Before doing so, Davy, desiring to note the degree of animal temperature, placed a small thermometer under the paralytic's tongue. Thanks to Dr. Beddoes, the poor fellow felt sure of being cured by the new process, although utterly in the dark as to the nature of it. Fancying that the thermometer was the magical instrument which was to make a new man of him, he no sooner felt it under his tongue than he declared that it acted like a charm throughout his body. Sir Humphrey wickedly accepted the cue, and day after day for a fortnight went through the simple ceremony, when he was able conscientiously to pronounce the patient cured.

One summer day in 1793 Deptford was crowded with old salts and curiosity-mongers of all ages, eager to witness the launch of "an entire copper vessel" built at the suggestion of a Cornish mine owner, in order to prove how far such a ship "would answer the purpose of sailing." We have sought in vain for some account of the after fate of the copper ship. It is evident however, that it did not equal its projector's expectations, and if there is to be a battle of metals, the issue will certainly be between iron and steel. A year later saw the trial at Woolwich of some leathern cannons, made by a snuff box manufacturer. Our modern artillerists would scout the notion of converting leathern boxes into monster ordnance, but they are credited with entertaining the scarcely less ridiculous idea of facilitating the operations of mountain batteries by converting mules into gun carriages instead of mere gun-carriers. The story goes that the Ordnance Committee assembled one morning to test the feasibility of the time-saving plan. A mountain gun was strapped fast to a cradle resting on a pack-saddle, so that the muzzle pointed over the mule's tail. The animal was then led into the marshes, followed by the committee, and sundry officers and civilians interested in artillery experiments. On arriving at the butt the gun was loaded, the mule turned till his tail and threatened the earthen mound, a piece of slow-match tied to the gun vent and ignited, and the result impatiently awaited. Fizz! went the match, back went the astonished animal's ears, and then he deliberately turned himself round—a movement never anticipated by the experimentalists, who found their interest in the affair suddenly intensified by considerations regarding their personal safety. The secretary threw himself flat on the ground, the committee dispersed in divers directions, and the illustrious visitors executed impulsive strategic movements with more speed than dignity. Then came a bang! and away went the shot in one direction while the mule turned a somersault in the other, and prone on his back kicked defiantly against its unseen assailant.

That comical bit of gun practice had been anticipated in actual warfare. In one of Sheridan's engagements with the Indians, his men, taken unawares by the redskins, had no time to remove their mountain howitzer from the mule's back, so they accepted the alternative and blazed away, sending mule and gun tumbling together down the hill upon the Indians, who took fright and fled the scene. One of them, captured a few days afterwards, was asked why he ran away. He replied: "Me big Injun; me not afraid of little guns or big guns, but when the white man fires whole mules at Injun he don't know what to do."

A French doctor desiring to learn how fowls would be affected by alcoholic drinks, administered some wine, brandy and absinthe to his poultry, and found one and all take so kindly to their unwonted stimulants that he was compelled to limit each bird to a daily allowance. The result was an extraordinary development of cock's crests, and a general and rapid loss of flesh all round. He persevered until satisfied by experience that two months' absinthe drinking sufficed to kill the strongest cock or hen, while the brandy drinkers lived four months and a half, and the wine bibbers held on for ten months ere they died the drunkard's death.

In one of the southern districts of New South Wales a man discovered a fine soda spring. He opened a bush-inn close by, and soon drove a brisk trade in spirits and soda-water. One day some genius hit upon the idea that a great deal of time and trouble might be saved by converting the well into a huge effervescing draught. A lot of sugar and acid, with a due proportion of spirits, was thrown into the well and stirred about with a long pole; but to the infinite disgust of the proprietor, the final outcome of their labor was the muddying of the water and the irremediable spoiling of the spring.

Another unhappy experimentalist was a Brooklyn man having great faith in science, but very little knowledge of it. Happening to come across an account of a method of horse-driving by electricity, by having an electro-magnetic apparatus placed under the coachman's seat worked by a little handle, one wire being carried through the rein to the bit, and another in like manner to the crupper, so as to send the current along the horse's spine, and by the sudden shock subdue any inclination to jib or bolt, Mr. Masse, a timid driver, resolved to avail himself of the invention, and soon had the horse queller attached to his carriage. Thus prepared against equine vagaries, he started one morning for a drive. He was jogging along, when up dashed a fast roadster, drop went his horse's ears, and soon he was straining every muscle to keep the lead. Now was Masse's time. Grasping the handle of the machine, he gave it a turn. For an instant the astonished horse stood stock still, and then—then his driver thought earth and sky were about to meet. The animal jumped high in air, came down again, and dashed along the road as if intending to make a never-heard-of record, his master holding on to the handle and administering shock after shock, and shouting the while. "Stop him! stop him!" The horse concluded to stop of his own accord, and set to kicking his hardest. "Why don't you jump out? Do you want your idiotic head kicked off?" said a passer-by. Masse jumped out, and alighted unhurt. The horse, released from the electric current, quieted down, and was led by his owner to the nearest livery-stable. "Sell him," said he, "for whatever you can get for him; I am not going to keep a horse that thinks he knows more about science than I do."

Grains of Gold.

A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat.

Hide the faults of others and make their virtues seen.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might do.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

Love is lowliness; on the wedding-ring sparkles no jewel.

The best thing in the world is to be able to live above the world.

State your opinion without apology. The attitude is the main point.

Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.

There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.

Happy is the man who reverences all women because he first learned to worship his own mother.

There is an old proverb which runs, "Tell everybody your business, and the devil will do it for you."

You may speak out more plainly to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

In man or woman the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

There is no sin we can be tempted to commit but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than committing.

Many people use their refinements as a spider his web, to catch the weak upon, that they may be mercilessly devoured.

Keep close to your friends and far away from your enemies, and you will never have to indulge in the luxury of a quarrel.

The discsteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible for us to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing others.

Stick to one thing until it is done, and done well. The man who chases two hares not only leaves one of them, but is pretty sure to lose the other also.

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and it always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place uncovers himself in another.

Avarice almost always mistakes itself; there is no passion which more often deprives itself of its object, nor on which the present exercises so much power to the prejudice of the future.

The devil runs an immense manufactory of excuses. They are of all sizes and shapes, suited to every possible occasion, and such is the demand for them that it is impossible to overstock the market.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard yourself accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

It is with nations as with individuals. Those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves, for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and eventually beget each other.

The passions are at once tempters and chastizers. As tempters they come with garlands of flowers, on brows of youth; as chastizers, they appear with wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusion; they are fiends of torment in their afflictions.

Femininities.

There are 4 000 women postmasters in the United States.

Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men.

A Rockland female calls her husband mucilage, because he is such a stick.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

The royal ladies of India are called begums because they paint their teeth red.

It is astonishing how much a sweet, intelligent, smiling face adds to the beauty of a bonnet.

The most fashionable gold bracelets are very narrow and have a locket attached as a pendant.

Black velvet bracelets are revived. They will be ornamented with gilt buckles, not with brilliants.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition in London for the display of every kind of art work done by women.

If a lady wants a favor of a boy, she praises him; of a young man, she hires him; of an old man, she flatters him.

Woman's capabilities are great, but hardly sufficiently developed to allow of her driving a nail without hitting her fingers.

In Greenland the women paint their faces blue and yellow. In America they paint them red and white. That's the difference.

An Indiana girl named Pulberry married a man named Bennet simply to procure a new name. She refused to live with him a day.

When ladies order slippers a couple of sizes too small for them, you can make up your mind that the croquet season is on its way.

A Muscatine mother spoiled the elopement of her daughter of twenty, with a youth of eighteen, by hiding the girl's clothes and pocketbook.

It is announced that the Princess Beatrice having visited Leonardo's immortal fresco of "The Last Supper," in Milan, was "much impressed by it."

A New Haven woman's pet dog died recently, and it was buried in an elegant coffin, covered with beautiful flowers, while the funeral services were elaborate.

Delicacy is not a thing which can be lost and found. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive of all that glorifies and ennobles a woman.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths, are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fannie Finch fried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowler."

A French woman, who wishes the world to understand that she is not in mourning, fastens a small colored flower encircled with black feathers in the back of the black bonnet which she wears.

A young girl returning alone from church in Lancaster a few nights ago, was insulted by a well dressed man, and hit him in the face with her prayer book with a force that sent him reeling into the gutter.

If an ugly woman is beloved, the passion is a desperate one; for it must arise from a strange weakness or infatuation on the part of her lover, or from charms more secret and more invincible than those of beauty.

The young lady who gave the mitten to the young man who wouldn't go in the house where it was comfortable, but persisted in keeping her out at the front gate, now refers to him as one of her cast-off gaiters.

A young lady who ought to know, accounts for the disposition of the average young fellow to put his arm around a girl's waist, by the supposition that he is looking for that rib that was taken from him so long ago.

A lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. Oh, certainly," she replied; "it is very easy to untie it now while it is only a beau knot."

An Indiana paper has this interesting personal item concerning a versatile young lady: Miss Zoe Moore is the happy possessor of a fine new piano. She now divides her time between the piano, the store and geology.

In the latest London novel two ladies are described as "having that air of affability about them that shows they regard themselves as women who soar superior to anything like an attempt made to sit upon them by other women."

Brides who have their photographs taken in their wedding gowns should not issue the first edition until after the ceremony. It is decidedly embarrassing, after a match is broken off, to confront those pictures of blushing beauty simpering under a veil that was never worn.

The good girl slammeth the door and talketh loudly, and maketh a noise, for her heart is without guile, and she feareth not the words of the hall teacher; but the naughty girl shutteth the door softly, and stealeth up stairs in her stocking feet, and stumbleth over the rocking chair, and the last condition of the girl is worse than the first.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneadus, a solitary kingdom. Domitian said that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by angels.

Mr. Whiteflour had company. Now, if there was one thing more than another on which Mrs. Whiteflour prided herself it was her good cooking. "Will you try some of my sponge cake, Mrs. Tattletongue?" said she; "it isn't very good, to be sure. I never had such poor luck in my life as I did in making it." "Why ma!" cried Johnny, in amazement, "you said yesterday that that was the best sponge cake you ever made," Tableau.

She was a San Francisco girl, and the other night at about the time when unfeeling parents pass through the halls making audible remarks about the price of gas, she said, "I really can't do it, Charlie. We girls have decided not to kiss another soul until the new constitution is defeated. Besides, brother Bob has promised me a new velvet walking-suit if I wouldn't." The *Post*, which tells the story, does not think that women need the ballot in order to have political influence.

Facetiæ.

The dear departed—venison.

The honeymoon should last until the last quarter is gone.

A man was accidentally precipitated from "the height of folly" yesterday."

"Mr. Jones will please take the chair," as Mrs. Jones said as they were moving.

It used to be rather bluntly put, "Wine and Women." Now it is liquor and ladies.

When one literary fellow calls another a liar, a polite rejoinder would be, "Sir, you're an author."

The fighting roosters are always game. They inherit the hen's disposition to come up to the scratch.

The police of New York are being vaccinated. But what's the use of it? They never catch anything.

An insolvent debtor failed so badly once, that he could not even "pay his addresses" to his lady-love, and she had "to give him his discharge."

The newest dining tables are square, the round extension table being unfashionable. The new style is more appropriate for a "square meal."

One disadvantage of warm weather is that we hear all the tunes that our neighbor's daughter has learned since the windows were closed last autumn.

Change of key—"Wha' carrot-headed little urchin is that, madam?" "Why, he is my youngest son." "You don't say so! What a dear little sweet dove-eyed cherub!"

That was a bright little boy who spelled out the words of the text, "Pray without ceasing," and then concluded not to show it to the minister because he thought his prayers were long enough already.

The man who told his wife that she had made a fool of him was answered with positive denial: "Because," said the lady, "in that respect you are a self-made man." Which was repartee to a husband.

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

Snooks wants to know if "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the view refuses to return it, there is any legal remedy. It is our opinion, that in such a case distance would have but a "poor show."

A man who died suddenly left on his desk a letter to one of his correspondents. His clerk, a stupid but faithful fellow, thinking it necessary to send the letter, added the postscript, "Since writing this, I've died."

"Jane," said her father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—"Why, pa, who said he is stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa, "only I could see he was a little 'close' as I passed through the room."

They punish people queerly in China. For robbing a pedler, the culprit was lately put into a mortar and fired against a stone wall. Whether this cured him of his propensities, we have not yet learned; we should not wonder, however, if it had.

Bob Ingersoll has been converted. He stopped over night lately at a house where there were two fearless fiends practicing on an accordion. He says he throws up the sponge, and takes back all he ever said about there not being a place of infinite torture.

A little girl who had been on a railroad train when an accident occurred, was told by her mother that she ought to thank God for her escape from injury when she made her evening prayer. She did it in this way: "Thank you, God, for not letting me be hurt to-day; but the next time I go to the city I'll go in a wagon."

A father said to an old acquaintance who came to condole with him on the unmanageableness of his two sons, who had committed a burglary in the next town, and had been sentenced to prison: "It is pretty rough on me to have them both go to once, but there is one thing to it—when it comes night now, you know were them boys be."

Young man if she flutters out to meet you at the gate with a new cordiality—if she remarks that "eleven o'clock isn't a bit late" if she invites you to call again in confidential earnest—if she says good night with a gentle pressure of her dear little hand—if she does all these things, young man be not deceived. The picnic season has arrived.

"I don't deny that we have bugs," said a Leadville landlord; "but you will not find them the same wild Western animals they have at the other hotels in town. My bugs never ask more than half the bed, and no guest has ever complained that they kicked, snored talked in their sleep or spit on the carpet. I sent clear to Boston for this breed of bugs."

A man was on his trial for some petty theft the other day in Indiana. He pleaded that he was of too respectable a family to commit the crime. The judge asked him what he meant. He replied that no member of his family was either in Congress or in the State Legislature. The evidence against him was strong, but his defense was felt to be stronger, and he was acquitted.

A loving husband riding in a railroad car:—Husband—You are quite comfortable dear? Wife—Yes, love. Husband—The cushions are easy and soft, ducky? Wife—Yes, darling. Husband—You don't feel any jolts, pet? Wife—No, sweetest. Husband—And there is no draught on my lamb, is there angel? Wife—No, my owness own. Husband—Then change seats with me!

"One extreme leads to another." That is the reason why a young man who begins by treading on a lady's foot often ends by kissing her lips. And the same rule applies on the other side, when a girl who has wasted hours of time and skeins of chenille embroidering a pair of slippers for Henry's exquisite feet, soon begins to claw the capillary vegetation out of the top of his head for coming home at two a. m., and trying to go to sleep in the coal-scuttle.

So Prevalent and so Fatal has Consumption become, that it is now everywhere dreaded as the great scourge of humanity. And yet, in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily relieved and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant—a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma and also for Coughs and Colds.

New Publications.

Rapid Transit Abroad is the title of a little volume published by James Miller & Co., of New York. The descriptions are very brief, and can only be intended to illustrate how much can be seen abroad in a few months' travel, and a suggestive guide to others contemplating such a flying trip. It is beautifully bound and printed, and is for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

From the same house we have the latest of Appleton's Handy Volume Series, which has furnished to the public so much charming reading in a handy, moderate-priced form. One is entitled An Accomplished Gentleman, a cleverly written story by Julian Sturgis, who has given a very original picture of Venetian life and foreign society, in which there are some very skilful delineations of character. The other volume of the series is entitled, Ruskin on Painting, with a biographical sketch. It embodies selections from his work on Modern Painters, which should give it a special interest and value to those who seek a mere outline of Ruskin's theories. The biography is quite brief, but interesting, and authenticated by facts taken from Ruskin's own writings.

Head Gear, Antique and Modern, is the title of a little volume containing numerous illustrations of the subject, in which the follies of ladies' head-gear of the past and present are portrayed, with a brief but interesting description. It is compiled and edited by E. H. Wadleigh, the proprietor of a well known millinery establishment in Boston, and published by Coleman & Maxwell, of Boston.

The American Bible Society announces a a new departure. Instead of relying as heretofore, upon auxiliary Bible societies for the placing of its publications in the homes of the people, it has decided to offer to all book dealers a discount of ten per cent. as an inducement to keep these publications on sale. The society now issues clearly-printed Bibles, in flexible covers and with red edges, for twenty-five cents apiece, and New Testaments in the same style for five cents apiece.

MAGAZINES.

The latest reprints of the English Reviews, by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, are received from W. B. Zieber, of this city. The British Quarterly Review opens with a paper on Christian Theology and the Modern spirit, followed by one on The Ethics of Urban Leaseholds. Wycliffe and the Reformation is next. The other articles are Free Trade and Protection, The Normans at Palermo, The Novels of George Meredith, The Zulu War; closing with Reviews of Contemporary Literature.

The contents of the Edinburgh Review opens with a review of the Memoirs and Charters of the Lennox family, followed by papers on Electric Light, Recent Excavations in Rome, Bastiat an Apostle of Free Trade, East Anglian Sculpture, The King's Secret, Gold, and its Effects on Trade, William Cobbett, Pessimism, and South Africa.

The contents of the London Quarterly Review open with a review of The Speaker's Commentary on the Old Testament. This is followed by Michael Angelo and his Age, Agrarian Discontent and Distress in India, Pym and Shaftesbury, Two Polish Plots, Brugsch's History of Egypt, The Secret Correspondence of Louis XV, Early English History, Professors Stubbs and Bright, Lord Carnarvon's Agamemnon and General Schomberg's Odyssey, and The South African Problem.

The May number of the Magazine of Art, published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, contains the following attractive illustrations and articles: The frontispiece is a fine reproduction of The Apothecary, a painting by H. A. Marks, who is the subject of the sketch in the series of Our Living Artists, accompanied by his portrait and another of his pictures. St. Francis Preaching to the Birds. Recent Illustrators of New and Old Verse, contains three of the charming illustrations contributed by the artist, John McWhirter, to a volume of poems entitled Caledonia. The descriptive account of Wood Engraving, is illustrated with cuts executed in 1423. The Vicissitudes of Art Treasures give an account of some of the wonderful art treasures brought to light by the archæologist. The lovely scenery of Bolton Abbey and Bolton woods are described and illustrated in a paper contributed by Thomas R. MacQuaid. A paper on Sculpture in Gold and Ivory, is illustrated with a picture of the statue of the Olympian Jupiter in gold and ivory. An artist's Indian Travels contains illustrations of Sir Salar Jung, the Rajah of Uiwar, and the daughters of the Maharanee. A short biographical sketch is given of Mr. Jameson. The concluding paper is devoted to a review of the pictures of the year.

One of the prominent attractions of the June number of Scribner's Magazine is the first installment of a series of Madame Bonaparte's letters from Europe, which will be read with great interest. The opening paper is a Retrospect of the Fine Arts at the French Exposition, by Russell Sturgis, and is very finely illustrated. Under the title of "The Mediterranean of America, Herbert H. Smith gives an interesting description of parts of Brazil with illustrations by Champney. Other special attractions in the contents are an interesting illustrated sketch With Stonewall Jackson, by Allen C. Redwood, and a finely illustrated paper on the University of Berlin by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. The rest of the contents are the continuing chapters of Haworth's, Hope, (a poem) by Irwin Russell, Memnon, (a poem) by Charles D. G. Roberts, Her Reproof to a Rose, (a poem) by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Part II of Adeline Trafton's story, A Narrow Street. Was it Love or Hatred? a story by Carlos de Kay. A paper on Lawn Planting, for City and Country" by Samuel Parsons, Jr. Mr. Noelus Fesler's conditions, by Richard M. Johnson. Summer and Winter, a poem, by W. F. Smyth, Piercing the American Isthmus, by C. C. Buel, Invocation, by Charles de Kay, Some Aspect of Matthew Arnold's Poetry, by George L. Merriam, Edison and His Inventions, by Edwin M. Fox Topics of the Times, and the usual concluding miscellany.

The June number of Harper's Magazine begins its fifty-ninth volume, and with its superb illustrations and new typographical attractions leaves nothing to be desired. The opening paper with charming illustrations is devoted to an interesting sketch of Rye and Round There. Three other interesting descriptive articles, with graphic illustrations, are also to be found among the contents. The Honorable Hudson Bay Company, No IV. of Sketches in Tyrol, and a Peninsular Canaan in Maryland. An interesting paper on famous actors and actresses is entitled The Grand Days of Histrionics, and is finely illustrated. The other contents are an illustrated poem Upon a Virgin Kissing a Rose, A Free Lecture Experience, a short story called Black Point, Recollections of Agassiz, O Friend, the Thought of Whom is Sense of Loss (a poem) Alexander Spotswood, At the Gate, (a poem,) The Citizen of Paris, The Last of the Chang-Maos, The Draining of a Village, chapters continuing Young Mrs. Jardine, and the editors concluding interesting miscellany.

The June number of Lippincott's Magazine makes a specialty of articles depicting social life and manners at home and abroad, and this feature is most conspicuous in this number. In State and Society in Ottawa we have an entertaining description of the vice-regal court, with handsome illustrations, giving views of the Parliament Buildings, the State Apartments at Rideau Hall, the Boudoir of the Princess Louise, etc. The second of Mrs. Wister's two papers on Paris brings the splendors of the Old World into juxtaposition with those of the New. "Housekeeping in Texas, is another finely illustrated paper, and presents a graphic picture of domestic life in the Southwest before and since the war. Somewhat in the same vein, and not less amusing, is the continuation of Miss Porter's papers on Village Life in the South. An article on American Fiction, by M. G. VanRensselaer, shows keen critical sagacity, and a paper on Sir William Johnson deals with an interesting episode in our colonial history. There are two striking short stories, A Strange Story from the Coast, by Rebecca Harding Davis, and Played Out, by the author of The Clifton Picture, and other popular novels. Through Winding Ways, and the first part of another story in the brilliant series entitled Woman's Husbands, must not be overlooked; while the Monthly Gossip is rich in sprightly and piquant papers under such titles as An English Husband, The American Snob, London Society Notes, etc.

St. Nicholas for June is radiant with attractions, and pleasantly announces the season in a summer scene frontispiece. Sarah Winter Kellogg contributes the opening story entitled A Second Trial, this is followed by the charming poem Mignonette by Susan Coolidge. Louisa Houghton gives a Southern sketch called Bossy Anantas. Charles Stuart Pratt contributes a laughable story with illustrations of Chub and Hoppergrass. An interesting sketch of Anna Letitia Barbauld, with portrait is contributed by Kate B. Horton. In some funny verses Mrs. E. T. Corbett tells How the Lambkins went South, with illustrations by L. Hopkins. W. L. Shepard has a paper on Longitude Naught. Palmer Cox contributes some illustrated verses about The Fairies Gift. A Curious Box of Books is a short sketch by H. D. M. The Schnitzer by M. A. Edwards. The Snower, a poem, by Anna B. Averill. A Puzzling Picture, by C. B. Robin Goodfellow and his friend Bluetree, by Howard Pyle. The Boy and the Brook, by L. C. R. The Fish that Catches Fish for its Master, by John Lomees. The Royal Bonbon by Norah Perry. Two Little Travelers by Louisa Alcott. How a Comet Struck the Earth by Edward C. Kemble, and chapters of the serials, Eyebright and A Jolly Fellowship, and the usual Puzzle Box and Letter Box.

NEW MUSIC.

The following songs and instrumental pieces are among the latest popular musical publications:

O, Restless Sea; song for soprano or tenor, by C. A. White, of which over 100,000 copies have been sold. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston, who also publish The Warrior's Song; words by Geo. Russell Jackson; music by S. P. Ryder, and arranged for bass or baritone.

W. H. Boner, of Philadelphia, publishes Hebe's song, introduced in the Pinafore. The Final Song, for soprano or tenor, by J. Beschnitt. The Chorister, words by T. E. Weatherly; music by Arthur Sullivan. The Dancing Class Heel and Toe Polka, by Mark Hassler. Mother, a song by H. A. N. O. Lord Abide with Me; solo and quartette, by John Zebley. Wouldn't You? song by Jackman White. Wandering Back to the Old Home; song and [illegible] Waltz [illegible], published by Coorns, by Walter Gibson, and published by Davenport Bros., of Boston.

A novel question for lawyers is on trial at San Francisco. Can a man be forbidden to alter his will before he dies? A man and his wife, by mutual agreement, two years ago each made a separate agreement and separate bequests, depending on contingencies in case of death. The woman died, and the man lives. At his death, according to his will, her relatives would inherit considerable estate, of which he is now sole owner on record. He has taken a dislike to his wife's relations, and threatens to alter or destroy his will, and disinherit them. Hence they seek to enjoin him from so doing.

There has been some excitement in the parish of Ednsor, near Langton, England. The vicar engaged a young curate from London, Mr. Roberts by name to fill the pulpit during his holidays, and when he came back found Mr. Roberts so popular that he cancelled the engagement, and when Mr. Roberts proposed to preach a farewell sermon refused to allow him to do so and kicked him out of the vestry.

One of the new industries of Germany, reported by Dr. Stutzer to be "now in a flourishing condition," is the manufacture of artificial cloverseed. Fragments of gravel are sifted until particles of a suitable size are obtained, and the substitute for the seed is then soaked up with some coloring substance until it acquires the desired hue.

Lord Lorne has been playing cricket with indifferent success. In the first inning he failed to score, being put out by the second ball, and in the second inning he made only tures runs. His fielding was not bad, and he was frequently applauded. The match was between an eleven of the Ottawa Club and a Parliamentary team.

What an Intelligent Physician Says.

Dr. E. C. Strother, of Monroe, La., who has been a medical practitioner for over twenty-five years, in a letter to the undersigned, says: "I have heard of your 'Compound Oxygen Treatment' for some length of time in a casual, incidental way, but it is only within the last few months that I have had my attention particularly called to it in a way that has aroused my professional interest. I have watched its wonderful vitalizing power in two or three instances in which the patients were using the "Home Treatment." One of these patients was a sister, and her rapid improvement from a low condition of Nervous Debility and Muscular Prostration, resulting from severe acute disease, was almost miraculous. Your little work, 'THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, ITS MODE OF ACTION AND RESULTS,' has fallen into my hands, and the therapeutical and pathological views therein inculcated being to a great extent in accord with what theory and experience have been impressing on me, I have read it with unusual care and interest. Indeed, I have read and re-read it with a great deal of pleasure. I am sure you have found a curative agent of incalculable remedial and vitalizing power, and adapted to a wide range of diseases." The above-named treatise is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

The Empress Augusta of Germany has arrived in England.

The Cheyennes pull out their eyebrows as fast as they grow.

Senator Wade Hampton does not look at all like an invalid.

An observatory is to be erected on Mount Ætna this summer.

Mrs. General Dix, it is thought, will not long survive her husband.

The Jenny Lind of to day is "a pale, worn, gray-haired woman."

Anna Dickinson's brother is a Methodist minister at Forestville, Conn.

Lord Falmouth's winnings in stakes some time since amounted to $56,000.

Longfellow has in his possession an autograph letter of the poet Moore.

The London Fishmongers' Company has given $250 to the Female School of Art.

The Prince of Wales will probably visit the Australian International Exhibition.

Within the past year eight Mormon girls have married colored men in Salt Lake.

Matthew Vassar, Jr., is about to build and endow a home for old men at Poughkeepsie.

The people of Amsterdam have presented the new Queen of Holland with a superb set of diamonds.

The nephew of the Zulu King, Cetywayo, is at a hotel in Copenhagen, the observed of all observers.

Queen Victoria and King Humbert "greeted each other on both cheeks" at their meeting in Italy.

A daughter of Theodore Hook, the famous wit, is said to be keeping a lodging-house in London.

The electric light is to be the subject of investigation by a select committee of the British Parliament.

Train hands on the Lake Shore Railroad have daily encounters with tramps attempting to board trains.

The cotton mills at Wilkinsonville, Mass., have been compelled to stop some of their looms for lack of help.

It is getting to be quite "a common practice" among Omaha lawyers to draw their revolvers in open court.

Another phase of the insane attempt to murder Edwin Booth is the maniac's offer to "settle the matter for $300!"

The first prize in the last oratorical contest at Wabash College was won by fraud, the oration being a plagiarism.

The eldest son of Senator Kernan, like the son of General Sherman, is to study for the priesthood, in England.

Among recent arrivals at the Dead Letter Office are four Florida oranges, a piece of wedding cake and a bologna sausage.

The Southern railroads, which at the close of the war were nearly all bankrupt, are now in pretty good condition.

Corks are made both air-tight and water-tight when plunged in melted paraffine and kept there for about five minutes.

Mr. Moy Jin Kee has, with the assistance of a Methodist Society, established a Chinese Methodist Church in New York City.

A London pawnbroker writes that what ever may have been said to the contrary, men in London do not pawn their coats for drink.

A certain Memphis mule is so extraordinarily vicious that he is constantly kept placarded with the warning: "Beware of His Heels."

Mr. Saunders, the original Granger, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, is compiling a dictionary of the names of useful plants.

A man accused of murder in Nashville, Tenn., was acquitted on Friday, but bound over for trial on the charge of carrying concealed weapons.

Several hundred "prominent" ladies and gentlemen have petitioned the Constitutional Convention in Louisiana to extend the right of suffrage to women.

A bill making women eligible to the office of Superintendent of Schools and School Inspector has been passed by the Michigan House of Representatives.

The craft in which Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith intend to circumnavigate the globe has been completed in Boston. It is only eighteen feet long and six wide.

The order of Odd Fellows in Pennsylvania includes 600 lodges, and 55,561 members. The amount spent for relief during the past year will reach about $300,000.

Fourteen years ago there was only one Bessemer steel establishment in the country. Now there are eleven, with an annual production of more than 500,000 tons.

A patent has just been issued to Miss Harriet G. Hosmer, by the United States Patent Office for her process of making artificial marble, regarding which so much has been said.

Patients in English hospitals, who are not allowed to smoke in the daytime, make it point to do so at night. So do the inmates of workhouses, to the general discomfort of sleepers.

Robert Heid eloped with a Denver widow, and his own wife aided him in the exploit. The objects of the Heids was to get the widow's $1,000, and after doing that Heid deserted the widow and returned home.

Charles J. Bonaparte, the man who of all others most resembles the great Napoleon in appearance, is counsel in the Admiral Warden suit at Annapolis, Md.

Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing with Hop Bitters in each draught.

Official documents show that the ratio of deaths per 1,000 persons employed in England is less in coal mining than in the navy by drowning, and one-half less than on railroads.

Margaret of Italy is fond of poetry, novels, and of Government debates. She reads a little of everything, and when she is about to see literary celebrities is said to "cram" their writings in preparation for the interview.

The Prince Imperial is keeping a diary which he hopes will some day be of historical interest.

The farmers of California are complaining that the production of wheat, wool, live stock, and nearly every thing else in the line of agriculture, is now unprofitable, because the price of labor is as high as it was fifteen years ago.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is visiting all the London theatres and makes herself very gay and gracious in society, by way of atoning for the cold and haughty manner she at first exhibited in England, to her great loss of popularity.

When Aristarchi Bey gave a dinner in Washington the other day to Mme. Bakhmeteff—formerly Miss Beale—he met his chief guest at the door, Muscovite-fashion, with a plate on which lay bread and salt, which the fair dame proceeded to taste.

A bald Cincinnati woman does not cover the bare top of her head with false hair, or by combing her own hair over it, but appears to be proud of the distinction that it gives her in public assemblages, for she always removes her bonnet. The effect is striking.

In the province of Catmarca, in the western section of the Argentine Republic, South America, is a district which, since the earthquakes on the Pacific coast, has become gradually submerged and covered with water, forming a large and steadily increasing lake.

Every large fortress in Germany is provided with trained carrier pigeons, and the officers are made familiar with their use, so that in case of war they could be utilized in sending out messages independent of the telegraph, which might be tampered with.

Among the articles found in the streets of Paris in one week and deposited at the Prefecture of Police were a thousand franc bank note, 12 gold watches, 8 ear pendants, 9 bracelets, 15 portemonnaies, and a number of snuff-boxes, silver watches, and other valuables.

Mr. Bidwell, of Indianapolis, expects before long to have his airship in successful operation. Judge Finch, of that city, recently presided at a meeting for the purpose of organizing a stock company with $50,000 capital, and several prominent clergymen and others spoke in favor of the project.

An interesting geological discovery has just been made in the heart of London. In making the excavations at Charing Cross for Messrs. Drummond's new bank, the workmen came upon the fossil remains of several extinct animals. They include elephant tusks and molars, teeth and numerous bones of the gigantic extinct ox, a portion of what appears to be the horn of the great extinct Irish deer, along with other remains of ruminating animals not yet identified. All the remains are those of herbivorous quadrupeds.

Protect the System from Malaria.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic types which it causes assume the most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail, and in the Tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively ineffective alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional indorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIETY,
FOURTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET,
NEW YORK, March 4, 1879.

Messrs. Samuel Garry & Co.:

A lotion ("SAPANULE") manufactured by you, has been given to me for the purpose of testing its curative effects on mankind and animals.

I have not had occasion to apply it to the latter, but I have done so to myself, and have received immediate relief.

Being an animal myself, I have every reason to believe that brute creatures would experience similar benefit from its use.

This Society will so employ it whenever the necessity shall present itself; and in the meantime I commend it to the patronage of all having need of relief from suffering.

HENRY BERGH, President.

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Keep the kidneys healthy and unobstructed with Hop Bitters and you need not fear sickness.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Get a bottle and test its marvellous power. It reaches every part of the organism, cleansing away all obstructions, drawing inflamed and impoverished blood from weak and diseased parts to the surface, and by absorption returning the life-current purified to sustain and strengthen. Inflammation cannot live where SAPANULE is applied. It is a certain and prompt cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO or BACKACHE, and HEADACHE. No preparation ever offered to the public is so prompt and sure in Curing and Healing all accidents to the living organism. Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, new or old; Chilblains, Cold Sores, Boils, Piles of all kinds, Burns and Scalds, Bleeding and all accidents, and diseases of the Head, Body or Feet, **"SAPANULE"** at once relieves and cures. Try it, and if not satisfied to call for your money and get it.

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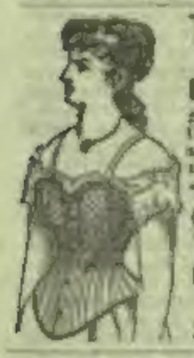
Send also stamp for my elegant New Catalogue of **Scroll Saws, Lathes, Archery, Base Ball, &c.** I have the best goods in market, and all at manufacturers' prices. I am publisher of Hope's and Ware's Designs, and sole importer of the genuine "Wilkinson Saw Blades."



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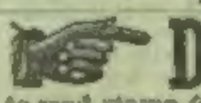

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Hires' Improved Package makes **ROOT BEER** 5 gallons of a delicious drink—healthy and strengthening. Ask your druggist for it. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Manufactured only by CHAS. E. HIRES, 215 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

ONE can no longer complain that moderate means prevent one from conforming to Fashion's vagaries, for this season they seem to wander in every direction, so that the most fastidious, the most extravagant, or the most moderate taste in pursuing any of these vagaries, will surely find something especially suited to their individual style and means, and yet appear as if Fashion's tasteful touches had been entirely devoted to their adornment. There are always extremes to be attained in everything, and one can achieve that extreme more readily now in dress in adopting the picturesque fantasies which Fashion has introduced in many of the styles for summer costumes, for really some of the models are more suggestive of fancy dress *fetes* than ordinary every-day occasions, but in contrast to these picturesque styles are others so happily adjusted as to possess this pleasing originality, and yet retain a simplicity and quiet elegance.

The materials are positively endless in variety, for every day reveals some fresh and novel design from the looms, and that which one admired yesterday pales before the beauty of something seen to-day. The attractions in materials are not confined to costly fabrics of silk, satin, or gauze, but in woolens, and the lowest-priced cotton goods. The manufacturer's skill has reproduced with an astonishing fidelity exquisite designs and lovely colors combined together in every variety of contrast. Fashion evidently first issued her mandates for the styles in which costumes were to be made, and imparted the secret to the manufacturer, that the materials should be perfectly harmonious and appropriate for the styles which she intended should prevail; the restoration of the *panier*, the bouffant drapery, the melange of lace with brocaded ribbons, the exquisite floral designs scattered in graceful yet careless arrangement over pale-tinted surface; all were intended to be strong allies of each other, for without one the harmony of the whole would be destroyed.

Among the many charming costumes displayed by our leading *modistes*, there are so many attractive features it is difficult to represent them with any vividness of effect by mere pen illustration. There are costumes with the short untrimmed skirt of striped silk and satin, and the woolen overdress of some plain harmonious color; the drapery is open in front, showing the striped skirt, and looped high up on the sides to form paniers, and pleated in under the puffed back drapery; the waist is round in front, and basque back, to which is added a wide silk or satin belt, fastened by an antique buckle; or the corsage is coat-shape, and opens over a vest. Another style is an ecru pongee or Surat silk; a pleating trims the short skirt, and a full apron is shirred down the centre of the front, and caught at the sides under the back, a band of brocaded silk showing a blue ground, trims the edge of the tablier; the corsage is cut with panier basques on the side pleated under the puffs of the back drapery, and edged with a bias band of the brocade, which also forms a vest cut square in the neck, the opening filled in with an India mull pleated fichu. Some of the overskirts are draped in front very short in full folds and caught up on the sides, and the back looped in a succession of irregular puffs. A black grenadine had the front of the skirt of striped black satin, edged with two narrow satin pleatings; a very short, round apron is draped in full folds in front under the round paniers on the sides. The corsage is cut with every point back and front, and the back and the front looped; arranged so as to form a train or a short costume.

Another fashionable trimming material just now is Roman silk, which is a great deal prettier than plaid, and upon white silk dresses it looks extremely well. We find the Roman colors also upon cambrics, the grounds of which are dark. These are, of course, for morning toilets, as are also the new chintz foulards and cotton satteens.

Very pretty and picturesque dresses are made of these two last-named materials, the style, with its elbow sleeves and bows of satin, reminding one of Dresden china shepherdesses, or Dolly Varden costumes.

I have seen one of the foulards, a dove-colored one with blue flowers scattered over it, made up very prettily. The skirt is short, and had all round it three narrow kiltings of the same material, edged with white Breton lace. About eight inches apart, on each flounce, are loops of pale blue satin ribbon, arranged so as to show their crimson lining. The front part of the skirt is plain, and the back has rather bouffant paniers edged with a kilting trimmed with lace, which are caught up here and there with bows of wider ribbon to match that upon the flounces. On either side, where the fullness of the back part of the skirt begins, from the waist to the top of the flounces, are cascades of lace in which are loops of ribbon, which in this case is put on with the crimson outwards, and the blue to form the lining. The bodice is a pointed one, laced up the front, and over it is a fichu of folds of muslin trimmed with lace fastened in front with a knot of ribbon.

The variety of costumes to be purchased at moderate prices is astonishing, and persons who are not apt in home dress-making and whose means will not permit patronizing a fashionable modiste, can find in the list of ready-made costumes something that will satisfy them in style as well as price. I was quite surprised on noticing the prices of some white nainsook costumes displayed by Mr. Wanamaker. One marked $18, was made with a triple drapery in front each edged with a ruffle and Torchon lace; a prettily-made basque and underskirt trimmed with lace completed the dress. Another marked $14 had two embroidered ruffles on the underskirt, one embroidered ruffle and insertion on the overskirt, and the same on the basque. One which was $20, had on the underskirt three wide embroidered ruffles with tucks between and insertion heading. A wide ruffle with insertion and tucks each side on the overskirt, and insertion and embroidered ruffle on the basque. When one considers the material, trimming and making included in these prices, they are certainly moderate.

There is no end of variety in scarfs, pelerines, pierrot ruffs, bows and muslin-made accessories. Generally everything is Breton lace and Indian muslin, embroidered in colored silks or lisse, or creped crape lisse. But we have likewise most admirable imitations of all the old points, even down to Rapuse. Puffings of muslin are again divided by insertions of Swiss embroidery for fichus and the pinafore costumes to be worn over colored silk slips. To mention all the makes of a scarf or fichu, would be difficult. I will try to convey an idea of one scarf tie, made of Indian muslin, folded double. It is gathered at each end, like a tassel, and a bunch of lace is added at either extremity. Spiral fichus mean a handkerchief of muslin, with long ends in front, and having a cascade of gathered lace twisting over the other plain end and both being tucked in the waistband. A flower or nosegay is always pinned in the bosom drapery. There are upstanding ruffs of lace, and ruffs with one border up and another down, and there are double box-plaited ruffs, but the collar of collars is so spreading that it has to be kept out by fine wire. It is sometimes made of the same material as the dress, but more generally of lawn and lace. A ruff completes it close to the neck. Fichus are made of colored silks and netted shavings braid, called copeau. Waistcoats are accessories, made of everything, from white linen embroidered to soft washing silks. For summer wear they are to be edged all round with lace, fastened down the back, long in front and the two sides ending square in front. Cascades of narrow ribbons are as fashionable on fine lingerie as cascades of lace. A novelty—made of Breton imitation, of course—is a dog's collar of this insertion. Several rows are sewn together and closely tied round the throat, with a pendant locket in front. It is pretty on a white neck and shoulders for evening wear. Loops of satin ribbon are worn round all muslin fichus and basques. A succession of narrow satin galons is another novelty round skirts and up the front breadths of tabliers.

Fireside Chat.

RUSTIC SCREENS FOR FIREPLACES.

IN the early summer time, when the golden sun begins to put forth its sultry beams the thoughtful housewife meditates how best to hide from view the now unsightly stove, which during the winter was so pleasant to the eye and so grateful to the senses. The useful fireplace, no longer needed, requires some artificial covering to conceal the black bars from view, for which purpose several contrivances, more or less elegant, have appeared. No method, however, approaches the utility, and also the graceful appearance, of the rustic or floral screen. This really unique fireplace screen is not only attractive in itself, but has the additional merit of being highly conducive to health, by allowing a free current of air to pass through the rustic work, the apertures, though partially covered, not being closed up by the flowers and foliage decorating the exterior, thus preserving the necessary ventilation of the apartment.

This screen should be made in the following manner: To commence well, accurately measure the heighth and width of the fireplace, that is the part where the marble ends, as this ornament should fit so that no black part of the grate is visible. The size of the frame fitting into this space is usually about three feet six inches in height, and three feet two inches in width, which will be found the ordinary dimensions for this purpose; but it is always best to measure for yourself. This screen could be made by a carpenter, but preferably by a maker of rustic work, such as garden seats, tables, etc.

The frame having been made the size directed, the strips of rustic wood (which are handsome to have as many knots in the wood as possible) should be nailed diagonally, at a distance of about three inches apart, over the whole extent of the supporting frame in a slanting direction, thus leaving lozenge-shaped openings.

The screen now requires to be well varnished all over with brown copal, of which two coats are required, care being taken that one coat is perfectly dry before the application of the second coat. When the smell has quite disappeared, proceed to dress or florally trim this very substantial trellis work. Here, however, taste and ingenuity must step in, and combine to produce the desired results, in which example ample scope may be given for their exercise. I will now proceed to describe one way of ornamenting a screen of this description, the decorations consisting of moss, ivy leaves, and hops.

Procure four bundles of French dried moss, the half faded color to be preferred, as being most natural. Break off the ground of the moss nearly to the green part, and divide it in pieces large enough to well cover half of the screen. Now take a reel of thin black wire, which can be bought of a dealer in paper flower materials, and with this wire fasten securely over both moss and rustic work bars, taking care that no moss sticks out loosely from the wood. This first garniture, however, should not be placed in the centre of the screen, that part being reserved for the hanging hops. Having completed this mossy groundwork, proceed to make not less than two dozen long branches or sprays of ivy, which are mounted in the following manner: Take a strip of ribbon wire, say from fifteen to twenty inches, cut each wire free from the surrounding cotton, and cover each one neatly with half-inch strips of green tissue paper. Now take a small-sized leaf, and tie securely with the black, thin wire to the end of the covered stem and, as you bind the wire a second time, gather in the leaves first on one side and then on the other, as may be observed in the natural ivy branch. A good space should be left between the leaves, or they will be in the way when trimming the screen; nor need they be of the best description, as inferior ones answer the purpose equally well. Prepare one dozen hop branches in like manner, and it will require three dozen sprays of hops attached irregularly to the branches. Now take each one and pass in and out of the open trellis work—not, of course, covering the moss, which should be plainly seen where the ivy and hops do not appear. In passing the branches through the interstices, care should be taken that no leaves are left at the back, all being drawn to the front, and the hops so disposed that they hang over the centre of the screen in an easy, graceful manner. It is a lovely addition to make a kind of bank of moss and foliage at the base of the screen. This is done by taking two extra bundles of moss, and tying them very thickly on for about six inches from the bottom, where may be inserted ferns, grasses, or any short flowers irregularly in the moss, producing a most charming effect. A rustic fire screen decorated in this manner has been in constant use for nearly two years, and still retains most of its freshness, thus proving that with ordinary care this household ornament, although a little costly at first, yet, from its durability, becomes absolutely less expensive than almost any description of ornamental appendage to the now disused fire grate.

Having fulfilled this office during summer, it may then be transferred to do similar duty in the fireplace of a spare bedroom in winter, where it will only require occasional dusting with a soft, long-haired dusting brush; and should the leaves have become dulled by exposure, they can be renovated by holding the screen for a few minutes at a moderate distance from a fire, and gently rubbing the leaves with a piece of flannel, which will at once restore their glossy appearance. The screen just mentioned is intended to be redecorated with some other trails this summer, either Wisteria, Virginia creeper, convolvulus, passion flower, jasmine, or wild roses. All the flowers will be made in paper, and renewed at pleasure; the moss thereon being in good condition, can remain another year. Should the possessor of a screen become weary of seeing it after some years service, it may be consigned to a bed room or, on receiving the addition of a button and a couple of hinges, may be securely fastened to the nursery landing place, thus protecting the little ones from a fall down the treacherous stairs.

In the last stage of its history, after a renovating coat of paint, it may finally be made to do duty as a garden gate, and climbers up the trellis work may appear natural in the place of artificial foliage and flowers.

Ornamenting Flower Pots.—It may be interesting to those engaged in pottery painting to know that very pretty designs may be executed on common ware. Garden pots may be converted into charming ornaments for the drawing room or hall by preparing them for painting in oils, strengthening and fixing the colors by a varnish. To those who are unwilling to incur the expense of having their work fired, the following directions may be acceptable, as the effect is good, and well worth the trouble of trying the experiment: The subject must be in a large, bold style. To commence a landscape, take a good-sized common garden pot, wash it well, looking carefully over it to see that every speck of dirt is wiped off. Then with flake white, mixed well with magilp, cover the pot smoothly let it dry for a day or two, then another layer in the same way, and when perfectly dry proceed to work, mixing your colors with magilp as in working on canvas. Be careful to soften off the sky, blending it with the groundwork of white. A stormy sea-piece is a good subject for this work, and mountain scenery in sunset has a telling effect. Flowers look remarkably well in large groups, painted rather crude where the wave is left in its original color, that is, without a groundwork of white. Only an undercoating of white where the flowers and leaves, &c., are to be painted. A pretty effect can also be produced by painting a ground of some delicate tint, painted over the white as in landscape and when dry. Birds or figures in bright colors, pure white subjects, without any background, look remarkably well; in fact a clever artist may find ample scope for the brush, always remembering that a layer of white must be put on thickly to work on: and whatever subjects he chooses he must study effects. Fine elaborate work is lost; large masses of color, laid on broadly with a good-sized flat brush, and afterwas softened with a badger hair softener, are all that is required, and if he uses taste and judgment in his selection of subjects he will find himself well satisfied with his work. And now with regard to the varnishing. When the work is thoroughly dry go over it every part of it with a soft brush dipped in white spirit varnish; let it dry for a few days then another coat; in a few minutes this second coat will become quite hard and dry. Great care must be taken that the varnish is not too long exposed to the air, as it is apt to harden before the work is finished. It must be laid on quickly, pouring out a very little at a time, and keeping the bottle corked until required. This is the most important part of the process, and if due attention is given to these directions no one need doubt of a satisfactory result.

RAMA.—Seaming or purling a stitch is done by taking up the stitch in front instead of at the back throwing the thread over and knitting the stitch as in plain knitting, before beginning to purl the thread must be brought in front of the needle and if a plain stitch follows the thread is passed back again after the purl or seam is made. Will describe ruching next week.

DOLLIE DEAN.—The article you require is $1.00 a bottle and is especially recommended for the purpose you mention. I will be very glad to attend to your purchases, and you can unhesitatingly send your commissions at any time.

Boys in London play at Zulus in the streets, the principal feature of the game consisting of throwing stones at each other, to the imminent danger of passers-by. The police have interfered on the side of the settlers against the Zulus.

A Western paper winds up its description of a railroad accident thus:—"One man had his arm broken, the flesh torn from both his legs, and a number of others slightly killed."

"Sir," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a ball." "Of a ball, madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

A Wisconsin city in order to avoid scandals in its girls' schools has decided that the leading teachers shall be women. They want principals not men.

Minnesota farmers have planted about ten per cent more wheat this season than last.

Answers to Inquirers.

H. C. S. (Craig, Ind.)—The story will not be printed in book form.

NATURALIST. (Council Bluffs, Ia.)—Send them to Prof. Baird, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

P. T. (Colorado Springs, Col.)—There are a number of the State buildings still standing in Fairmount Park.

ISOLA, (Hickman, Tenn.)—You were quite right to decline the addresses of a young man who is wild and dissipated.

B. I. W. (St. Albans, W. Va.)—You may send the articles on, and if suitable we will publish them. Thanks for your former communication.

MOONLIGHT, (Pickens, S. C.)—If a gentleman falls in love with a widow six years older than he is, and is anxious and the lady willing to wed, it is right and proper that they should do so.

D. E. B. (Wayne, O.)—We have never heard of the publication, and from the circumstances, we think it is a swindle. You should have nothing to do with any but old and well-established papers.

D. E. R. (Ottawa, O.)—To improve one's writing is no impossible task. Get some good copies and imitate them carefully. Patience and perseverance in that as well as in most things surmount difficulties.

MACAULEY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Ancient Rome was called the "Seven-Hilled City," because built on that number. The seven hills were Palatinus, Capitolinus, Esquilinus, Cœlius, Aventinus, Quirinalis, Viminalis.

KLIK, (Kilkitat, Wis.)—In 1600 Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should take snuff or use tobacco while at church, and in 1725 Pope Benedict removed the bull as he himself used tobacco immoderately. Other sovereigns have also condemned it.

KILTO, (Hancock, Me.)—The cross was, in the time of Christ, a well known instrument for the infliction of a painful and ignominious death, in common use by the Romans, to whom the Jews were subject. The Roman custom obliged the condemned to carry his cross to the place of punishment.

P. A. (Drew, Ark.)—Your best course will be to write to the young lady a letter asking an explanation of her conduct and whether you have done anything to offend her. If she does not reply, or if the reply be not satisfactory, you will have no alternative but to write again and break off the engagement.

CANNEY, (Bollinger, Mo.)—Meerschaum is a fine white clay, containing one part each of magnesia, silica, and water. It is found in various parts of Europe, particularly Natolia, Asia Minor. When first taken out it is soft and makes rather, like soap. When made into tobacco pipes it is boiled in oil or wax, and baked.

ASPHALTE. (Franklin, Vt.)—Asphaltum, or bitumen, exudes naturally in various parts of the earth—in Egypt, Moldavia, Barbadoes, and Trinidad. Artificial asphalte is the residue of gas tar, after distillation, mixed with chalk and sand, and made hot. It forms a good pavement where stone cannot be easily procured.

MADGE, (Baltimore, Md.)—As you had already expressed your regret for the letter before he received it, and had explained the circumstances under which it was written, he should not have been offended. As things now stand, the best course for you to pursue would be a dignified and quiet one, and leave him to come to his senses.

CIT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The names of the Major and Brigadier Generals in the U. S. Army, are: Major Generals—Irwin McDowell, Winfield Scott Hancock, J. M. Schofield. Brigadier Generals—John Pope, George Crook, C. C. Augur, A. N. Terry, O. O. Howard. The commandant at West Point is Major General Schofield.

J. A. F. (Noble, Ind.)—There is no legal remedy. The only course open to a husband so unhappily circumstanced is to strive to inspire his wife with the strongest motive to fidelity—personal respect and love. If this cannot be restored, nothing is likely to succeed and domestic peace is impossible. Precautions should of course be taken to avoid a meeting.

R. E. MC. (Wabash, Ind.)—To make jet black ink, take 6 ounces coarsely powdered nut galls, 15 ounces gum senegal, 15 ounces sulphate of iron, free from copper; 3 drachms aqua of ammonia, 24 ounces alcohol, and 12 quarts distilled, or rain water. Place these ingredients (or a smaller portion of them) in an open vessel and let them digest until the fluid assumes a deep black color.

W. C. (Flint, Mich.)—To clean old books and prints soiled by house smoke and damp is exceedingly difficult, and the attempt is rarely unsatisfactory. In the case of cleaning the leaves of a book, the application of a rubber of moderately stale bread is the safest material to use, placing a cardboard a little larger than the page under each leaf when the rubbing takes place. Powdered chalk well dusted over a print serves to give adhesion to bread crumbs; and chalk in the form of a crayon, applied with artistic taste, will cover up some specially brown places.

MERCURY, (New York, N. Y.)—Who "Billy Patterson" was and why he was struck will never be known. The case is the great American myth. He has been called by different individuals a Senator of New Jersey as a judge in Pennsylvania, as a bank president in Boston, as a fireman in Philadelphia and as a Bowery boy in New York. The incident which immortalized him must have occurred early in the century, for he was made the hero of a song popular in London in the reign of George IV. Investigation, however, has discovered nothing whereby the origin of the saying can be found.

J. A. (Crystal, Fla.)—1. We believe the powders are all they are represented to be. 2. After this lapse of time it is hardly worth while to expect an answer to your letter. Your best plan would be to write again. Indeed, the chances are that she did not get your first communication. 3. The young man might visit his sweetheart as often as is mutually agreeable. In your case, on account of the distance, once a week would be as often as is advisable. The rule for proposing is to try your fate when the lady seems most likely to answer affirmatively. How long this may be from commencing to woo, is a matter varying in each individual case.

G. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The grandfather of the one person and the great-grandfather of the other being brothers, would make the relation a fourth cousinship. 2. It is not the correct thing for a young man keeping steady company with one lady to escort others from parties, excursions, etc. There are times when this may become necessary, but for him to display an anxiety to so employ himself, to the neglect of his lady-love, shows a want of constancy. If very distasteful to her, she should speak to him about the matter without manifesting undue interest, and request him to alter his conduct. If this made no improvement she ought to consider the expediency of dropping him altogether.

W. P. W. (Flemington, Fla.)—1. Goldstone is probably a local name for some bright stone or rock, as the term is not to be found in either dictionary or encyclopædia. 2. Send to the various publishing houses for catalogues of the works sold by them, and then make your choice. 3. They are rather questions for a physician. Still on perfectly healthy natures we think they would have no effect whatever, either good or bad. 4. Deafness can be and is very often caused by the means you mention. 5. In coloring butter, the annatto, which may be purchased at any drug store, is mixed with water in a cup, and then thrown into the milk before churning.

CIRCUS, (Chester, Pa.)—In the year 1057, the Lady Godiva obtained from her husband, Leofric, the feudal lord of Coventry and its surroundings, a remission of certain heavy imposts, of which the citizens complained, on the condition that she should ride, entirely nude, through the streets of Coventry at noonday. One story is that Godiva ordered the people to keep within doors and close their shutters; and then, veiled only by her long flowing hair, she mounted her palfry and rode through the town unseen except by an inquisitive tailor, immortalized under the sobriquet of "Peeping Tom," whose curiosity was punished with instant blindness.

KITTIE, (Deer Creek, Md.)—The information you require concerning a trip from Baltimore to San Francisco you can get much easier and more accurately by applying at the offices of the railway companies in that city, as the rates differ at different points. One hundred and twenty-five dollars however would cover all expenses and enable you to make a trip in first-class style. With regard to the time, supposing you went right through without any unnecessary delay, it would occupy between six and eight days. 3. Your handwriting is one of the neatest and prettiest that we have ever seen, although marked by very forcible characteristics. Do not attempt to alter it, for any change would be for the worse.